

BIBLE SCHOOL
ECHOES,
AND
SACRED HYMNS.

BY
DAVID F. EBY.

Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and
hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in
your hearts to the Lord.—COL. iii. 16.

PUBLISHED BY
BRETHREN AT WORK PUBLISHING CO.,
LANARK, ILL.
1880.

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PREFACE.

The preparation of this work was begun several years ago, with the hope that it might go forth as a means by which the Lord might be praised and believers edified in the work of salvation.

The selection of tunes, in our judgment, embraces the best church music extant. Care was taken to retain a number of old, familiar tunes, such as never wear out, but remain as standards.

For schools where the young are being taught the Scriptures, the work is admirably adapted. The choicest tunes for the little ones have been selected, and a fair trial we trust will convince all that both the tunes and words are devoid of the light and chimerical.

And now, if only a few shall be comforted or one sinner made to feel the need of a Saviour by the singing of these selections, the author will be blessed above his deservings and not unto him, but unto Jesus, by whom we sing, shall be all the praise.

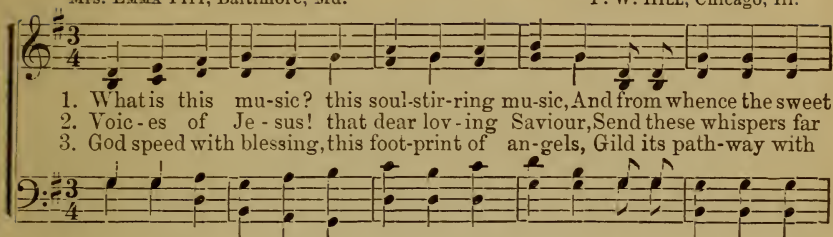
THE AUTHOR.

Lanark, Ill., June, 1880.

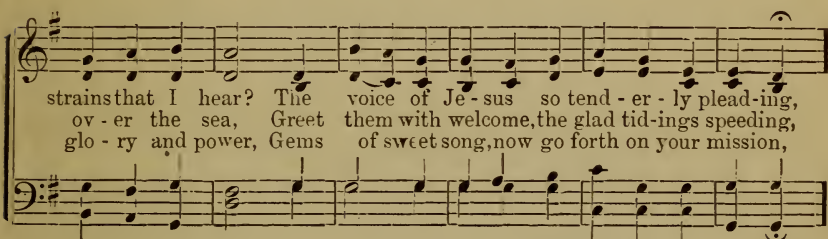
BIBLE SCHOOL ECHOES.

Mrs. EMMA PITT, Baltimore, Md.

P. W. HILL, Chicago, Ill.

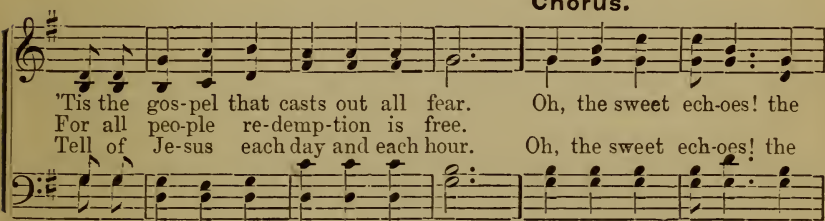


1. What is this mu-sic? this soul-stir-ring mu-sic, And from whence the sweet
2. Voic-es of Je-sus! that dear lov-ing Saviour, Send these whispers far
3. God speed with blessing, this foot-print of an-gels, Gild its path-way with

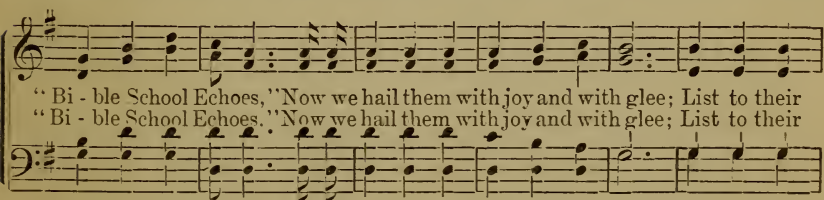


strains that I hear? The voice of Je-sus so tend-er-ly plead-ing,
ov-er the sea, Greet them with welcome, the glad tid-ings speeding,
glo-ry and power, Gems of sweet song, now go forth on your mission,

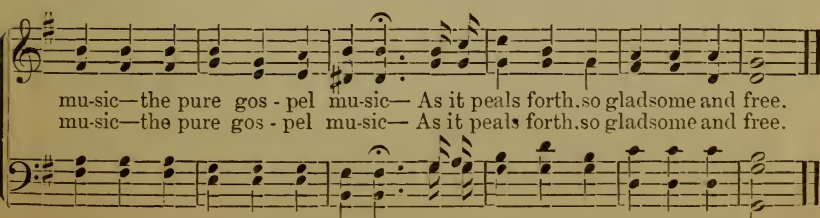
Chorus.



'Tis the gos-pel that casts out all fear. Oh, the sweet ech-oes! the
For all peo-ple re-demp-tion is free. Oh, the sweet ech-oes! the
Tell of Je-sus each day and each hour.



"Bi-ble School Echoes," Now we hail them with joy and with glee; List to their
"Bi-ble School Echoes," Now we hail them with joy and with glee; List to their



mu-sic—the pure gos-pel mu-sic— As it peals forth, so gladsome and free.
mu-sic—the pure gos-pel mu-sic— As it peals forth, so gladsome and free.

WELTON. L. M.

1 Great God, in - dulse my humble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my Fath - er and my God !

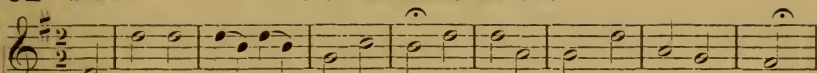
3 With read-y feet I love t' ap-pear A - mong thy saints, and seek thy face,
 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise,

The glo-ries that compose thy name, Stand all en - gag'd to make me blest.
 And I am thine by sacr-ed ties, Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

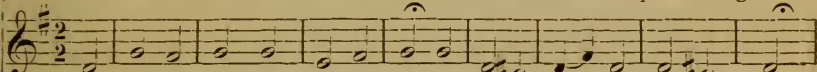
Oft have I seen thy glo - ry there, And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

This work shall make my heart rejoice, Through-out the remnant of my days.

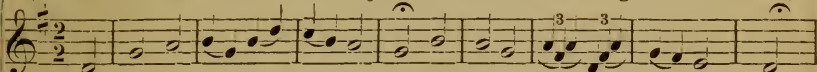
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Bless, O my soul, the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the pow'rs within me join
 In work and worship so divine.</p> <p>2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favors claim thy highest praise ;
 Why should ungrateful silence hide
 The blessings which his hands provide ?</p> <p>3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.</p> | <p>4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels—
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.</p> <p>5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'rs repair ;
 His mercy crowns our growing years ;
 He fills our store with ev'ry good,
 And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.</p> <p>6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress.
 And often gives the sufferer rest ;
 But will his justice more display.
 In the last great rewarding day.</p> |
|---|---|



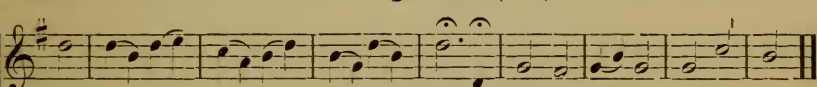
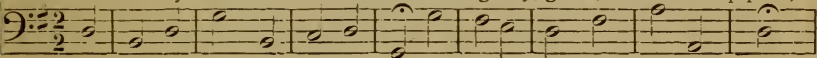
- 1 Come, wor-ship at Em-man-uel's feet ; Be-hold in him what won-ders meet !
 2 He is the Head—each mem-ber lives, And owns the vi-tal power he gives ;



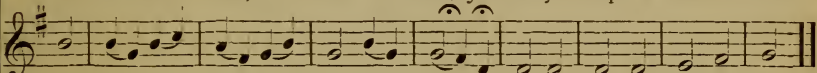
- 3 He is the vine, his heav'nly root Sup-plies each branch with life and fruit ;
 4 He is the Rock, how firm he proves ! The Rock of A - ges nev-er moves ;



- 5 He is the Sun of right-eous-ness, Dif-fus-ing light, and joy, and peace ;
 6 Yet faint-ly to us mor-tals here, His glo-ry, grace, and worth ap-pear ;



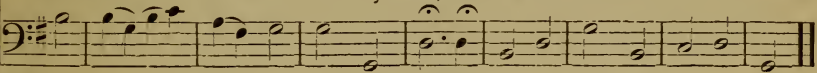
Words are too fee-ble to ex-press His worth, his glo-ry, or his grace.
 The saints be-low, and saints a-bove, Joined by his Spir-it and his love.



O ! may a last-ing un-ion join, My soul to Christ, the liv-ing Vine.
 But the sweet streams that from him flow At-tend us all the jour-ney through.



What heal-ing in his beams ap-pears, To chase our clouds and dry our tears ;
 His beau-ties we shall clear-ly trace, When we be-hold him face to face.



101

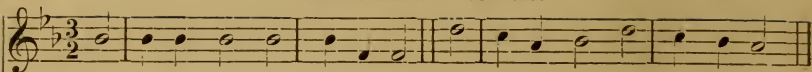
L. M.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford ;
 Prepare us to receive thy word ;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy,
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
 4 Father in us thy Son reveal ;
 Teach us to know and do thy will ;
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

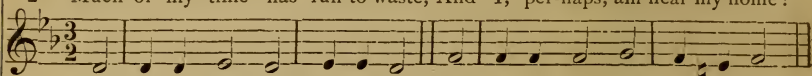
288

L. M.

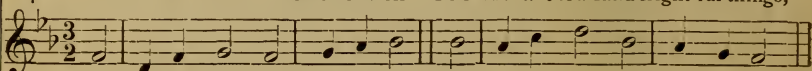
- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
 On these baptismal waters shine,
 And teach our hearts, in higher strain
 To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.
 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
 And joyfully embrace thy cause ;
 We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
 Oh Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
 3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood ;
 O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood ;
 We die to sin, and seek a grave,
 With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
 4 And as we rise with thee to live,
 O, let the Holy Spirit give
 The sealing unction from above,
 The breath of life, the fire of love.



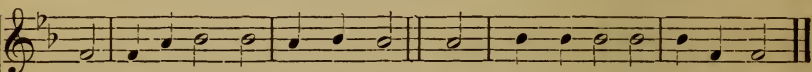
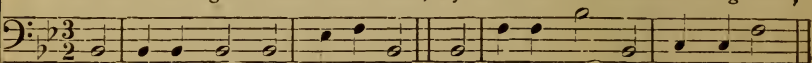
- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days,
2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home!



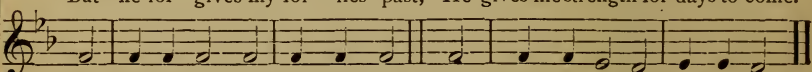
- 3 I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4 In vain the sons of earth or hell Tell me a thou-sand fright-ful things,



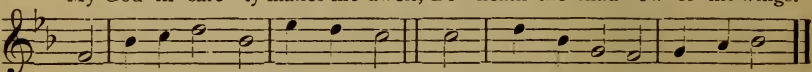
- 5 Faith in his name for-bids my fear: O may thy pre-sence ne'er de - part;
6 Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be-neath the ground,



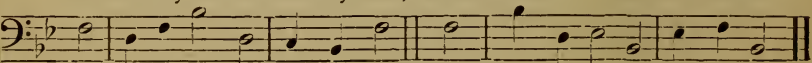
And ev'ry ev'-ning shall make known, Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.
But he for - gives my fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.



While well ap-point - ed an - gels keep Their watch-ful sta - tions round my bed.
My God in safe - ty makes me dwell, Be 'neath the shad - ow of his wings.



And in the morning make me hear The love and kind-ness of thy heart.
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal - va - tion in the sound.



471

L. M.

- 1 Take up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon the cross, on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

42

L. M.

- 1 Dear Lord, how wondrous is thy love
To such unworthy worms as we!
Thou hast sent down the heav'nly dove,
To set our souls at liberty.
- 2 We that were doom'd to wo and pain,
Expos'd to death of ev'ry kind,
Thro' Jesus Christ, the Lamb once slain,
Do life and peace and pardon find.
- 3 Shall we forget our Saviour's grace,
Who died to save our guilty souls,
And bring us to his Father's face,
Where endless peace and pleasure rolls.
- 4 Lord Jesus! make us bear in mind
Thy rich, thy pure redeeming love,
Till we shall be forever join'd
With those that sing thy praise above.

1 Sav-iour of men, we bless thy name, For thou art good for ev - er more;
 2 Thy glo - ry shall for ev - er stand, Thy truth re-mains both firm and sure,

3 Though trou-bles come and sorrows rise, We will not fear, for God's our aid;
 4 Glo - ry to Christ our faith-ful friend; He is the Lord whom angels fear;

5 We love the Lord our God most high, His grace de-mands our no-blest song;

Thy pow'r and grace we would pro-claim, And thine e - ter - nal love a-dore.
 Our souls we ven - ture in thine hand, And there we know we are secure.

Ill tid - ings can not those sur - prise, Who are up - on Jehovah stay'd.
 On him we al - ways would de - pend, And in his right'ous-ness appear.

All praise to Christ who came to die, To him all glo - ry doth be-long.

607

L. M.

- 1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 2 I'm glad that I was born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 3 And when to that bright world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky,
O then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory to my Jesus be.

87

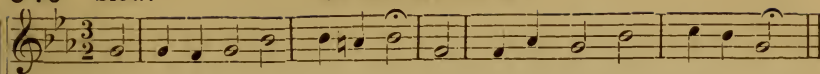
L. M.

- 1 Blest hour when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heav'n his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaim the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleas'd his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are giv'n,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

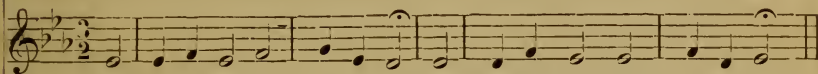
1 "We've no a-biding cit-y here," This may dis-tress the world-ly mind,
 2 "We've no a-biding cit-y here," Sad truth, were this to be our home;
 3 "We've no a-biding cit-y here," Then let us live as pil-grims do;
 4 "We've no a-biding cit-y here," We seek a cit-y out of sight:
 5 O! sweet a-bode of peace and love, Where pil-grims freed from toil are blest,
 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare re-pine, The time my God ap-points is best:

But should not cost a saint a tear, Who hopes a bet-ter rest to find.
 But let this thought our spir-its cheer, "We seek a cit-y yet to come."
 Let not the world our rest ap-pear, But let us haste from all be-low.
 Zi-on its name—the Lord is there, It shines with ev-er-last-ing light.
 Had I the pin-ions of the dove, I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
 While here to do his will be mine; And his to fix my time of rest.

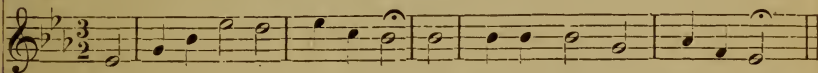
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|--|--|
| <p>1 With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me."
 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my soul may flee;
 O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to
 me."
 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, enjoy, and see;</p> | <p>When a faint chill steals o'er my heart
 A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."
 4 Come for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, "Come to me."
 5 O, voice of mercy; voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."</p> |
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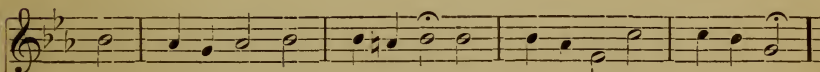
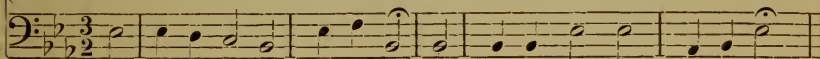
- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great re-ward,
 2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n, To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,



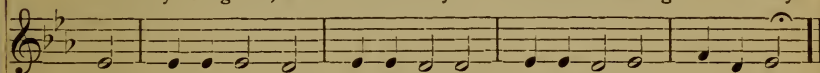
- 3 The living know that they must die, Be-neath the clods their dust must lie;
 4 Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pursue:



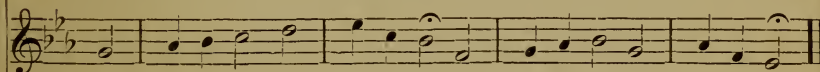
- 5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd, In the cold grave to which we haste;



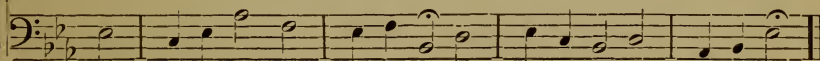
And while the lamp holds out to burn, O has - ten, sin-ner, to re-turn!
 The day of grace, when mortals may Se - cure the bless-ings of the day.



Then have no share in all that's done Be-neath the cir - cle of the sun.
 Since no de - vice nor work is found, Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.



O may we all re-ceive thy grace, And see with joy thy smil-ing face.



- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word;

Thy works of grace, how bright they
 shine.
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!

- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there :

2 "Den - y thy-self, and take thy cross," Is the Re - deem-er's great command ;

3 The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new,

But wis-dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a tra - vel - er.
Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.

Is but es - teem'd al - most a saint, And makes his own de-struction sure.

Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a-pos-tates nev-er knew.

628

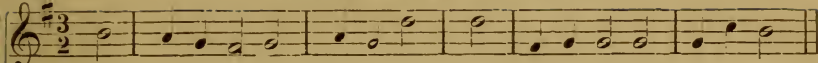
L. M.

- 1 O Time ! how few thy value weigh !
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, in empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place ?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind ?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time,
Then let us ev'ry day give heed,
That we his servants be indeed.

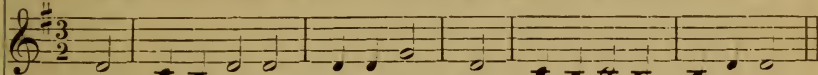
707

L. M.

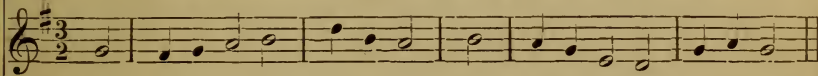
- 1 Now one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides ;
If I have walk'd by faith, in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here,
- 5 I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep ;
I've one day less to see within
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.
- 3 And O reflect my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.
- 4 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place
Where he will never hide his face.



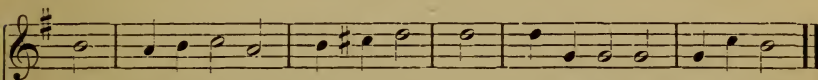
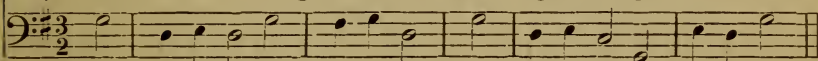
1 Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2 When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My weari'd eye-lids gent - ly steep,



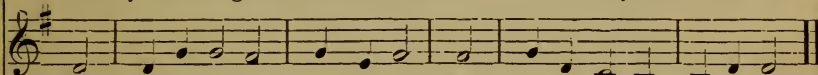
3 A - bid with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can not live!



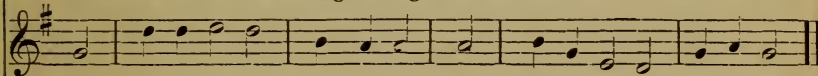
4 Thou fram-er of the light and dark, Steer through the tempest thine own ark ;



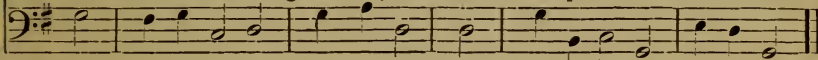
O ! may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes !
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast !



A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die !



A - mid the howl - ing win - try sea, We are in port if we have thee.



198

L. M.

- 1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 A conflict with the pow'rs of hell,
Your Saviour did for you sustain :
He nobly fought, but ah ! he fell !
Break, heart of flint ! the Lamb is slain.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
Cherubic legions guard him home.
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

249

L. M.

- 1 Lord, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join ;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.
- 2 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless ;
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy right'ousness,
- 3 Make her a garden wall'd with grace,
A temple built for God below,
Where thy blest saints may see thy face ;
And fruits of thy bless'd Spirit grow.

283

L. M.

- 1 Indulgent God of love and pow'r,
Be with us at this place and hour !
Smile on our souls ; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hear's in one :
Let all we have and are combine
To forward objects so divine.
- 3 O, may we feel the worth of souls,
Be men of God, whom grace controls,
Fight the good fight, and win the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.

BEHOLD A STRANGER. L. M.

1 Be - hold a Stran-ger at the door! He gent-ly knocks—has knock'd before;
2 O! love-ly at-ti-tude—he stands With melt-ing heart and load-ed hands;

3 But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver-y Friend you need;
4 Rise touch-ed with grat-itude di-vine, Turn out his en-e-my and thine,

5 Ad-mit him, ere his an-ger burn, His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O! match-less kindness—and he shows This match-less kindness to his foes!

The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is he, With gar-ments dyed on Calvary.
That soul des-troy-ing mon-ster, sin, And let the heav'nly stran-ger in.

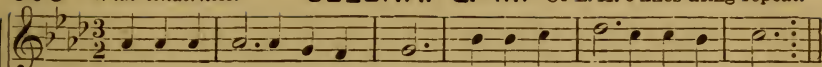
Ad-mit him—or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re-ject-ed stand.

CHORUS

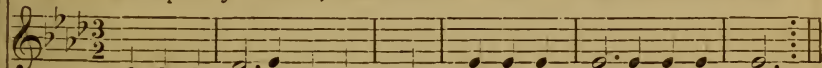
O let him in, yes let him in And he will save you from your sin.

O let him in, yes let him in And he will save you from your sin.

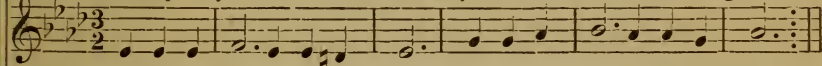
O let him in, yes let him in And he will save you from your sin.



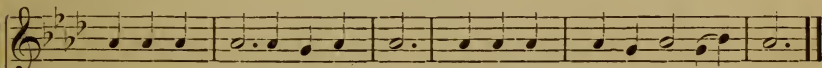
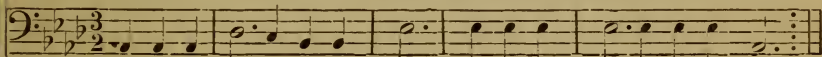
- 1 As-leep in Je-sus! blessed sleep From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
2 As-leep in Je-sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!



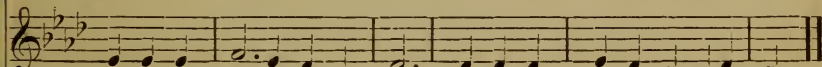
- 3 As-leep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly blest:
4 As-leep in Je-sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-u-ge be;



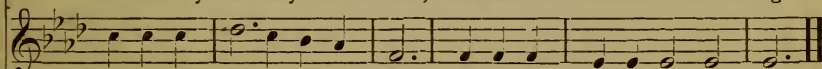
- 5 As-leep in Je-sus! time nor space Af-fects this pre-cious hid-ing place:



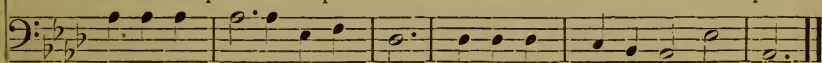
A calm and un-dis-turb'd re- pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting!



No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.



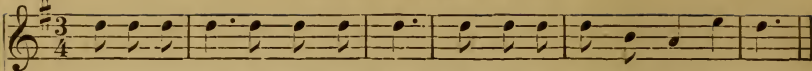
On Indian plains or Lapland snows Be-liev-ers find the same re- pose.



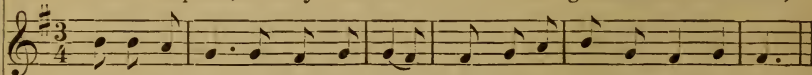
593

L. M.

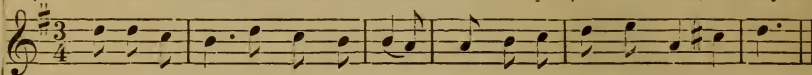
- 1 In this lone hour of deep distress,
When heavy sorrows round me press,
Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
I trust thee as the widow's God.
2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
The grave is now his resting-place;
O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
Reveal thyself the widow's God.
3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
Suppress my murm'ring, dry my tears
Help me to own thee as my Lord,
And bless thee as the widow's God.
4 Be thou my counsellor and stay,
Protect by night, and guide by day;
Then, as I travel life's rough road,
I'll praise thee as the widow's God.



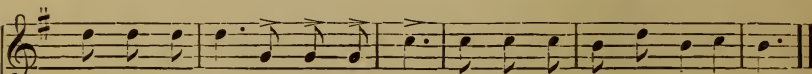
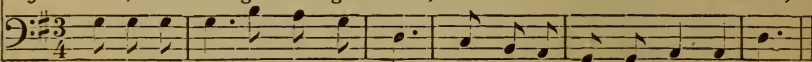
- 1 From ev'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2 There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;



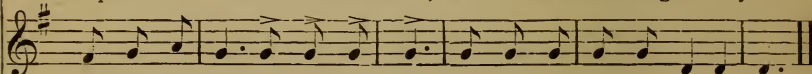
- 3 There is a scene, where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
4 Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempt'd, des - o - late, dis-may'd?



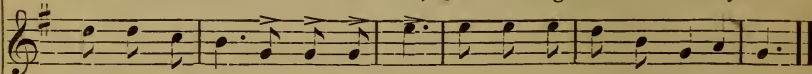
- 5 There, there on eag-les' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more;



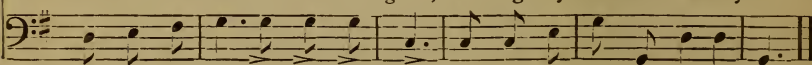
There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.



Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet, A - round one com-mon mercy-seat?
Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?



And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo-ry crowns the mercy-seat.



299

L. M.

- 1 The Church of God believes it right,
To think and do as Jesus bade,
When on that dark and doleful night
He gave his law, and plainly said:—
2 Mark the example which I give:
Keep it, and show your mutual love;
My precepts do, and you shall live,
In bliss below, and heaven above.
3 Then, do we love our brethren now?
And are we bound in union sweet?
If so, like Jesus, let us bow,
And let us wash each other's feet.
4 Let no one be ashamed of this,
For Jesus was a servant too;
And as we seek for heav'nly bliss
We'll in our Master's footsteps go.
5 Now, Lord, we'll wash thy people's feet,
And here enjoy their fond embrace;
Each with a kiss of friendship greet,
And hope in love to see thy face.
6 And then we'll feast on heav'nly love,
And find our joys to be complete:
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow with angels at thy feet.

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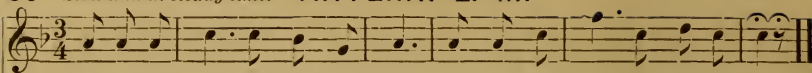
L. M.

- 1 On Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host redeem'd by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
I heard the song and strove to join.
2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.
3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new
Rise in succession to their view.
4 O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!
5 O what a sweet, exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!
6 My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

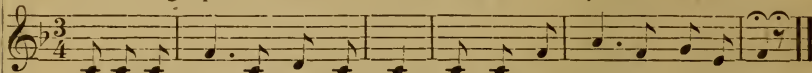
1 Je - sus, my all, to hea-ven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 2 The way the ho - ly pro-phets went, The way that leads from banishment ;
 3 This is the way I long had sought, And mourned because I found it not ;
 4 The more I strove against their power, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am :
 6 Then will I tell to sin-ners round, What a dear Sav-iour I have found :

f His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar-row way till him I view.
 The King's highway of holi-ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
f My grief a bur-den long had been, Op-press'd with un-belief and sin.
 Till late I heard my Sav-iour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
f Noth - ing but sin I thee can give ; Nothing but love shall I re - ceive.
 I'll point to thy re-deem-ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God."

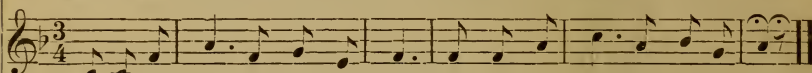
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Now shall our hearts with pleasure rise
 To our dear Lord a song of praise ;
 We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
 Our Saviour hath done all things well.</p> <p>2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
 And came to save our ruin'd race ;
 He conquer'd sin and death and hell,
 Our Jesus hath done all things well.</p> <p>3 His work how great, his plans how vast !
 But when it all appears at last,
 It will our highest praise excel,
 For Jesus will do all things well.</p> | <p>4 When the creation is restor'd,
 And God shall be by all ador'd,
 How loudly will the triumph swell,
 Our Jesus hath done all things well.</p> <p>5 Sin, death and hell, with Christ destroy,
 And fill the universe with joy ;
 His love shall then each voice compel
 To cry—He has done all things well.</p> <p>6 All creatures then as one shall join
 To shout aloud his praise divine—
 As sacred prophecies foretell—
 And say—He hath done all things well.</p> |
|--|---|



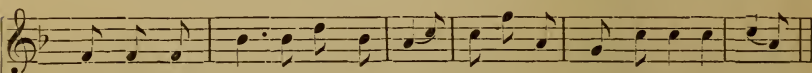
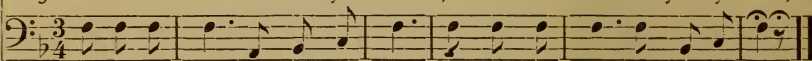
- 1 Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sacred joy;
2 His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men :



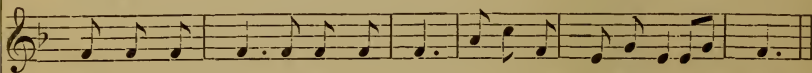
- 3 We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame ;
4 We'll crowd thy gates with thank-ful songs High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;



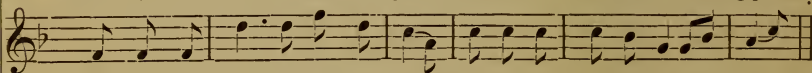
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;



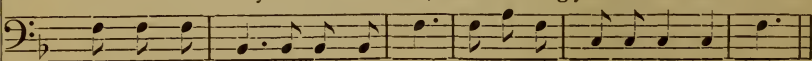
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate and he des-roy.
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a-gain.



What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak-er to thy name.
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

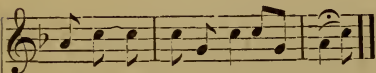


Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

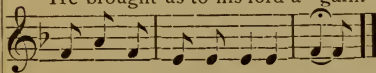


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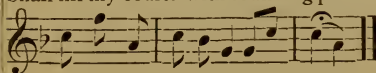
L. M.



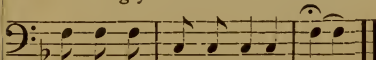
He can cre-ate, and he des - troy.
He brought us to his fold a - gain.



Al - migh-ty Mak-er to thy name.
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

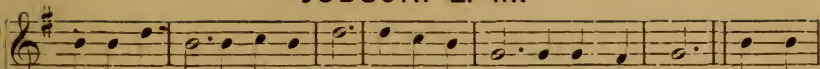


When rolling years shall cease to move.

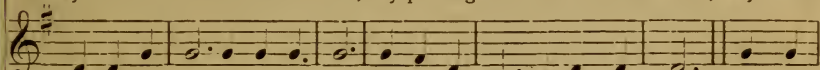


- 1 O happy saints that dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
2 Releas'd from sorrow, sin and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life,
And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing his love in melting strains.
3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of his grace;
Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
Sink down, adoring at his feet.
4 Ah, Lord! with falt'ring steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes
weep;
When shall I wake in heaven to prove
The highs and depths of Jesus' love?

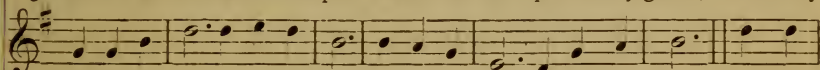
JUDSON. L. M.



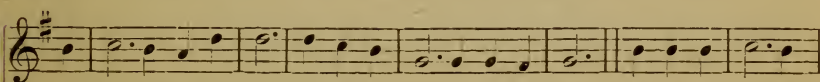
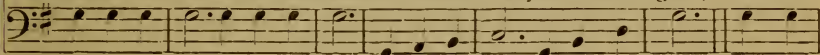
1 How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long
2 My soul would rest in thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God; My God!



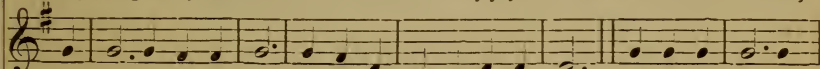
3 Blest are the souls who find a place Within the tem - ple of thy grace; There they



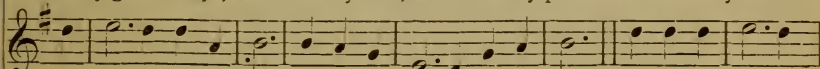
4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zion's gate; God is



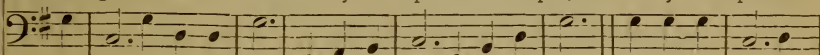
desire my spirit faints To meet the assemblies of thy saints. To meet the assemblies
my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee! So far from all my



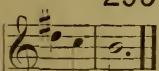
behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise. And seek thy face and



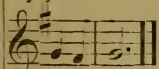
their strength, and thro' the road They lean upon their Helper, God. They lean upon their



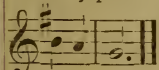
295 1 When Jesus Christ was here below, 7 Ye shall be happy if ye know,
He taught his people what to do: And do these things by faith below;
And if we would his precepts keep, And I'll protect you till you die,
We must descend to washing feet. And then remove you up on high.



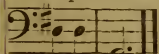
of thy saints
joys and thee.



learn thy praise.



helper God.



2 For in that night he was betray'd.

He for us all a pattern laid;
Before his supper he did eat, [feet.]
He rose and wash'd his brethren's

3 The Lord who made the earth and
sky.

Arose and laid his garments by,
And wash'd their feet, to show that
we

Should always kind and humble be.

4 He wash'd them all to make them
clean,

But Judas still was full of sin;
May none of us like Judas sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.

5 Peter said, Lord, it shall not be,
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me.
O that no Christian here may say,
I'm too unworthy to obey.

6 You call me Lord and Master too, 4
Then do as I have done to you:
All my commands and counsels
keep, [feet.]
And show your love by washing

266

L. M.

1 Go preach my gospel, saith the
Lord, [receive.]

Bid the whole world my grace
He shall be sav'd who trusts my
word;

He be condemn'd who don't
believe. (known)

2 I'll make you great commission
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

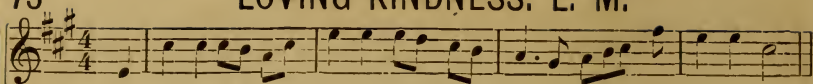
3 Teach all the nations my com-
mands— (end)

I'm with you till the world shall
All pow'r is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy, and I defend.

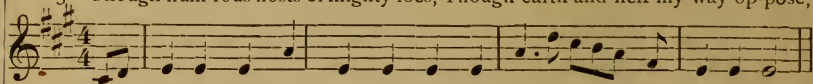
4 He spake, and light shone 'round
his head

On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode
They to the farthest nation spread,
The grace of their ascended God.

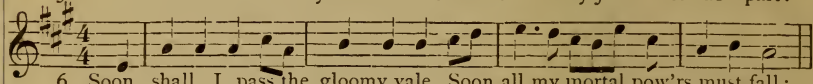
LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



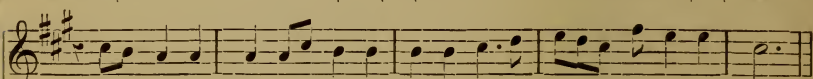
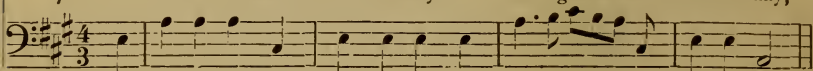
1 A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise;
 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall, Yet lov'd me not - with - standing all;
 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way op - pose,



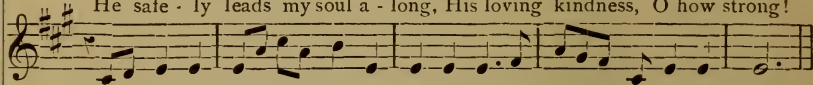
4 When trou - ble like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 5 I of - ten feel my sinful heart Prone from my Je - sus to de - part:



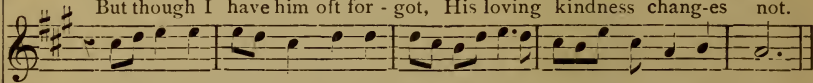
6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fall;
 7 Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day,



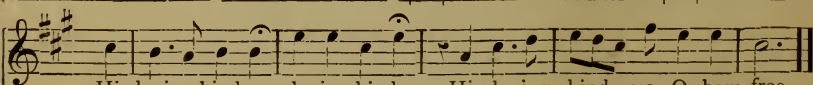
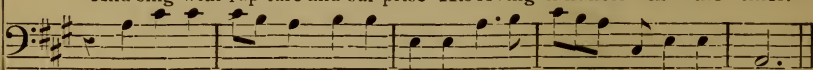
He just - ly claims a song from me, His loving kind - ness, O how free!
 He sav'd me from my lost es - tate, His loving kindness, O how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His loving kindness, O how strong!



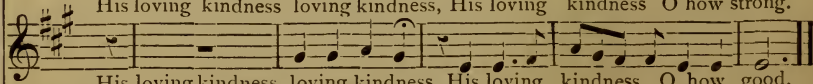
He near my soul has always stood, His loving kindness, O how good!
 But though I have him oft for - got, His loving kindness chang - es not.



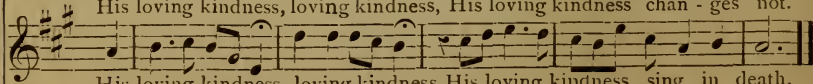
O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His loving kindness sing in death.
 And sing with rap - ture and sur - prise His loving kindness in the skies.



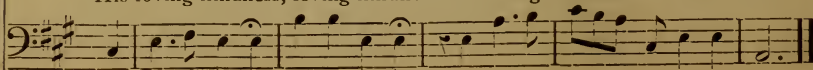
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kind - ness O how free.
 His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness O how great.
 His loving kindness loving kindness, His loving kindness O how strong.



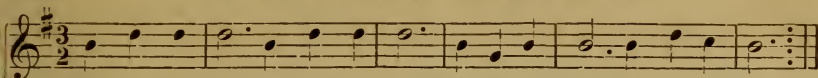
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness O how good.
 His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness chan - ges not.



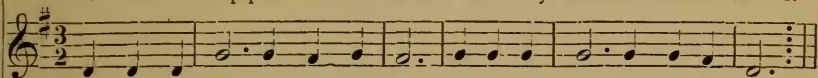
His loving kindness, loving kindness His loving kindness sing in death.
 His loving kindness, loving kindness His loving kindness in the skies.



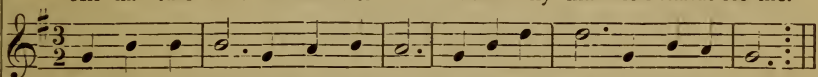
MY HEAVENLY HOME. L. M.



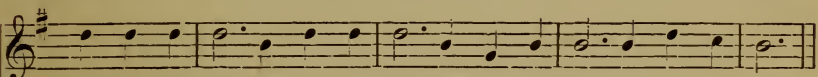
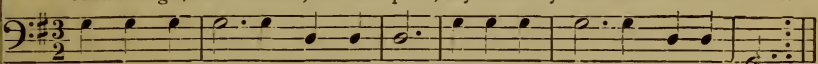
- 1 { My heaven-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there ; }
 4 { Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
 4 Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour or waves o'erflow ;
 Be mine the hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.



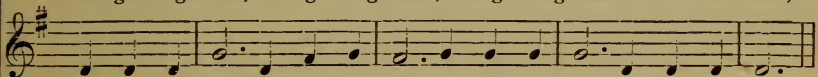
- 2 My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky ;
 5 When from this earth-ly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon re - fuse to shine,
 All na - ture sink and cease to be—This heav'nly man-sion stands for me.



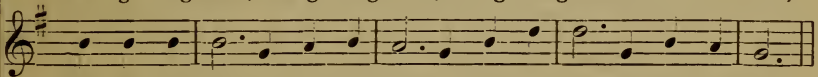
- 3 While here a stranger far from home, Af - flict-ion's waves may round me foam ;
 And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heav'nly man-sion is se - cure.



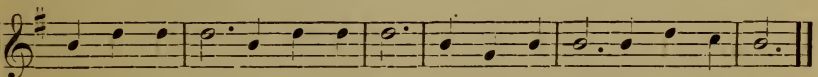
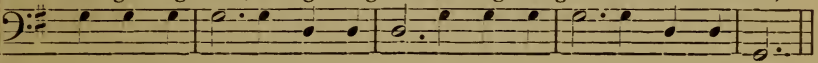
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,



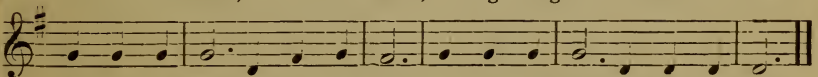
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,



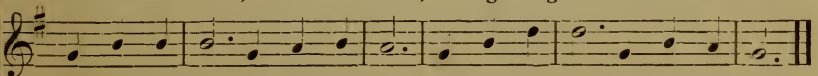
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,



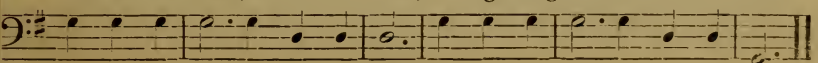
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.



To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.



To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.



FAITH. L. M.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night;
 2 The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates appear;
 3 Cheer-ful we tread the desert through, While faith in-spires a heav'nly ray,
 4 So Abra'am by di-vine com-mand, Left his own house to walk with God,;

Till we ar-rive at heav'n our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
 Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo-ries near.
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.
 His faith be-held the promis'd land, And cheer'd him on his toilsome road.

148

L. M.

- 1 The worth of truth no tongue can tell,
 'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
 A large estate that soul has got,
 Who buys the truth and sells it not.
- 2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
 More rich than pearls and rubies are,
 More worth than gold and silver coin,
 O may it ever in us shine.
- 3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free
 And sets the souls at liberty
 From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
 And then within the heart doth reign.
- 4 They have a freedom then indeed,
 That doth all freedom else exceed;
 Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
 And never more shall bondage know.
- 5 O happy they, who in their youth
 Are brought to know and love the truth,
 For none but those whom truth makes free,
 Can e'er enjoy their liberty.
- 6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
 And always keep it clean, and fair;
 And never let it once be told,
 That truth by us was ever sold.

48

L. M.

- 1 From all who dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise,
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mereies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
 In songs of praise divinely sing;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In ev'ry land begin the song;
 To ev'ry land the strains belong;
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

110

L. M.

- 1 Dismiss us from the house of pray'r
 With blessings such as mortals need,
 And make our souls thy constant care,
 Till we from evil shall be freed.
- 2 And if we never meet again,
 Till we our Lord appearing see,
 O may we all with Jesus reign,
 And always with our Saviour be!

1 Great God! how in - fi - nite art thou! What worth-less worms are we!
 2 Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made;
 3 E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands present in thy view;
 4 Our lives thro' va-rious scenes are drawn, And vexed with triff - ing cares,

Let the whole race of creatures bow And pay their praise to thee.
 Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
 To thee, there's nothing old appears; Great God there's noth - ing new.
 While thine eternal thought moves on Thine un - dis - turbed af - fairs.

53

C. M.

- 1 Blest be my God, that I was born
 To hear the gospel sound—
 That I was born to be baptiz'd,
 And bred on holy ground.
- 2 That I was bred where God appears
 With tokens of his grace;
 The lines are fallen unto me
 In a most pleasant place.
- 3 Blest be my God for what I see,
 My God for what I hear;
 I hear such blessed news from heav'n
 Not earth nor hell I fear.
- 4 I hear my Lord for me was born,
 My Lord, for me did die;
 My Lord for me did rise again,
 And did ascend on high.
- 5 On high he stands to plead my cause,
 And will return again,
 And set me on a glorious throne,
 And I with him shall reign.

10

C. M.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 4 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 5 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill.
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

1 Come, let us all unite to praise The Sav-iour of mankind ! Our thankful hearts
 2 But how shall dust his worth declare When an-gels try in vain ; Their fa-cies veil

3 O Lord, we can not si - lent be : By love we are constrain'd To of-fer our
 4 Though feeble are our best es says, Thy love will not despise Our grateful song

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show, And spread abroad thy fame ; Let ev'ry heart

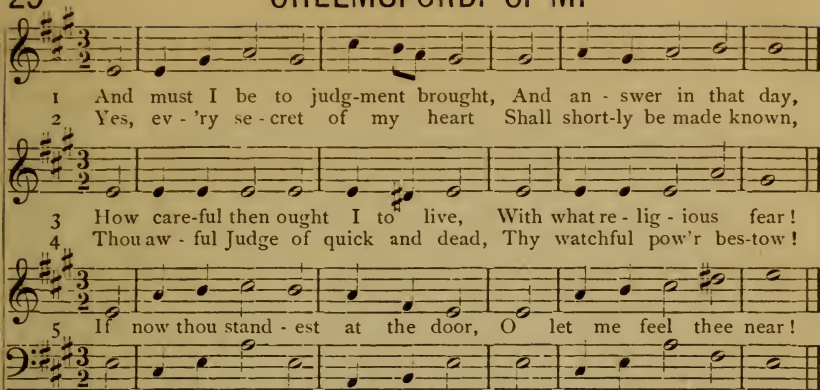
in sol-emn lays Be with our voices join'd, Be with our voi-ces join'd.
 when they appear Be-fore the Son of Man, Be - fore the Son of Man.

best thanks to thee, Our Saviour and our Friend, Our Saviour and our Friend.
 of hum-ble praise, Our well-meant sac - ri-fice, Our well-meant sac - ri - fice.

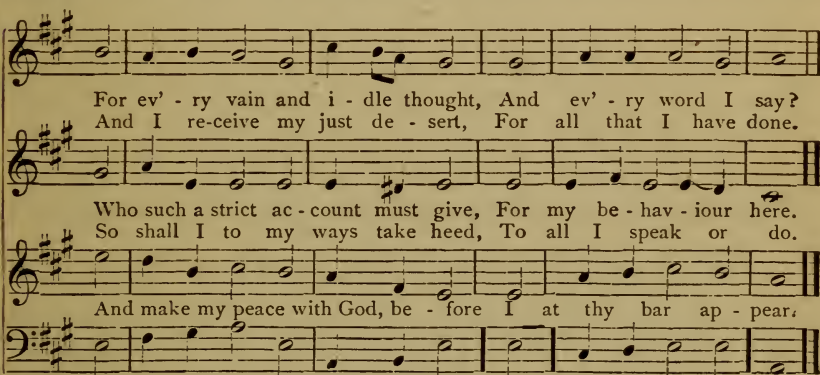
with praise o'erflow, And bless thy sacred name, And bless thy sacred name !

- 1 Once more we come before our God,
 Once more his blessing ask ;
 O. may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send,
 From heav'n, in Jesus' name,
 To make our waiting minds attend,
 And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart ;
 Hoard up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose.
 To each thy blessing suit,
 And let the seed thy servant sows
 Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake,
 Say to the south wind, blow ;
 Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
 And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
 The cold with warmth divine ;
 And as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine.

- 1 O for a thousan' tongues to sing,
 My dear Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus the name that charms our fears
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music to the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
 He sets the pris'ners free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean.
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive :
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf ! his praise, ye dumb
 Your loosens'd tongues employ :
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour, come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.



1 And must I be to judg-ment brought, And an - swer in that day,
2 Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short-ly be made known,
3 How care-ful then ought I to live, With what re - lig - ious fear!
4 Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead, Thy watchful pow'r bes-tow!
5 If now thou stand - est at the door, O let me feel thee near!



For ev' - ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev' - ry word I say?
And I re-ceive my just de - sert, For all that I have done.
Who such a strict ac - count must give, For my be - hav - iour here.
So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.
And make my peace with God, be - fore I at thy bar ap - pear.

- 1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy thou thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 4 Now I am thine—for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

- 1 O for a heart to love my God
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.
- 5 Thy holy nature, Lord impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart
Thy new best name of love.

610

CHINA. C. M.

1 Why do we mourn de - parting friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
 2 Are we not tend - ing upward, too, As fast as time can move?

3 Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb?
 4 The graves of all the saints he blest, And sof - ten'd ev - 'ry bed,

5 Thence he a - rose; as - cend - ed high, And show'd our feet the way;
 6 Then let the loud last trum - pet sound, And bid our kin - dred rise;

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.
 Where shall the dy - ing mem - bers rest, But with their dy - ing Head?

Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly At the great ris - ing day.
 A - wake, ye na - tions un - der ground, Ye saints as - cend the skies.

585

C. M.

- 1 Ye mourning saints whose streaming
 tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,
 Say not in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise and with joy and rev'rence view
 A heav'nly parent nigh.
- 3 Tho' your young branches torn away,
 Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

- 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
 "In my own house a place;
 No names of daughters and of sons,
 Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope,
 A rising race can give.
 In endless honor and delight,
 "My children all shall live."
 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see,
 And bless those wounds which through
 our hearts,
 Prepare a way for thee.

1 A - las and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2 Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?

3 Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross ap-pears,

5 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would he de - vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pity! grace un - known! And love be - yond de-gree!

When God's own Son was cruci - fied For man the crea-ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thankful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

542

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, to us, assembled here,
 Reveal thy smiling face;
 While we, by faith, with love and fear,
 Approach a throne of grace.
- 2 Thy house is call'd a house of pray'r,
 A solemn, sacred place;
 O let us now thy presence share,
 While at the throne of grace.
- 3 With holy boldness may we come,
 Though of a sinful race;
 Thankful to find there yet is room
 Before the throne of grace.
- 4 Thy tender pity and thy love
 Our ev'ry fear can chase;
 And all our help we then shall prove,
 Comes from the throne of grace.
- 5 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
 We bless thee for thy peace;
 And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
 There is a throne of grace.

631

C. M.

- 1 Our days, alas! our mortal days
 Are short and wretched too;
 "Evil and few," the patriarch says,
 And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
 That heav'n allows to men;
 And pain and sin run thro' the round
 Of three score years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
 Run on, my days, in haste;
 Moments of sin, and months of woe,
 Ye cannot flow too fast.
- 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
 And call her to the skies,
 Where years of long salvation roll,
 And glory never dies.

1 Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame!
 2 Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still!
 4 Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, return, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest;

5 The dear - est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i dol be.
 6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul re - fresh - ing view, Of Je - sus, and his word?

But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 I hate the sins which make thee mourn And drove thee from my breast.

Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly thee.
 So pu - rer light shall mark the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

55

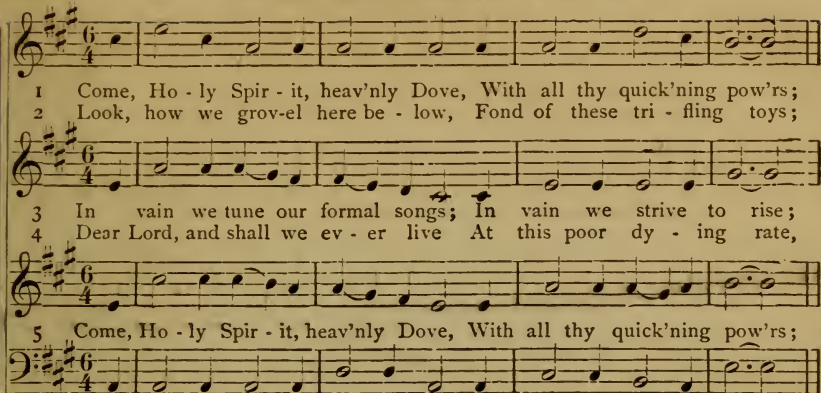
C. M.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee.
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise.

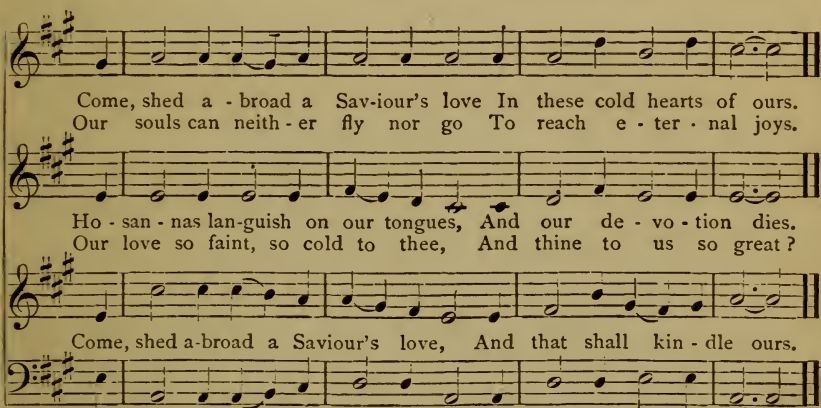
320

C. M.

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
 Of ev'ry sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee the living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride:
 Give us in heav'n a happy lot
 With all the sanctified.



1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2 Look, how we grov-el here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys;
3 In vain we tune our formal songs; In vain we strive to rise;
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
5 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;



Come, shed a - broad a Sav-iour's love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls can neith - er fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

13

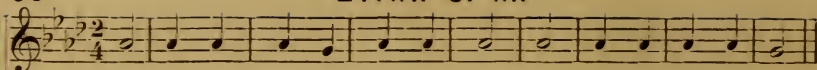
C. M.

- 1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that—God is love
- 3 Behold, his loving kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls for mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love
- 4 The work begun is carried on,
By pow'r from heaven above;
And ev'ry step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.
- 5 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
His love supremely shines.
- 6 O, may we all, while here below.
This best of blessings prove—
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall sing that—God is love.

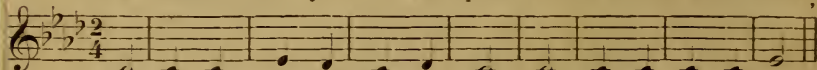
46

C. M.

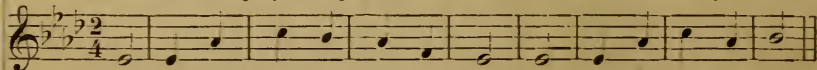
- 1 Come heav'nly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.
- 2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to dreadful wo.
- 4 God's only Son—stupendous grace!
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.
- 5 O, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.



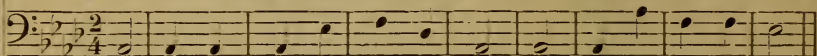
- 1 In thy great name, O Lord, we come, To wor-ship at thy feet;
2 We come to hear Je - ho - vah speak, To hear the Sa - viour's voice;



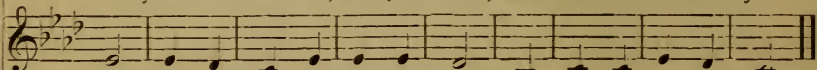
- 3 Teach us to pray and praise, and hear, And understand thy word;



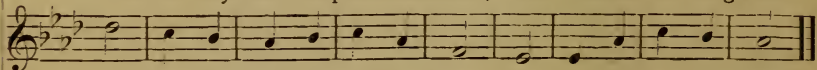
- 4 Let sin-ners now thy good - ness prove, And saints re-joyce in thee!



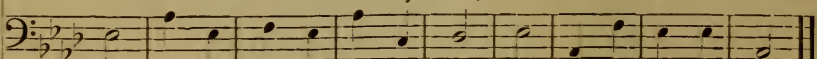
O, pour thy Ho - ly Spir - it down On all that now shall meet.
Thy face and fa - vor, Lord, we seek; Now make our hearts re-joyce.



To feel thy bliss - ful pres - ence near, And trust our liv - ing Lord.



Let reb - els be sub - du'd by love, And to the Sa - viour flee.



318

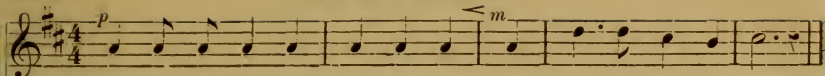
C. M.

- 1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ the
spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head:
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

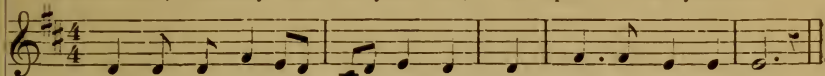
221

C. M.

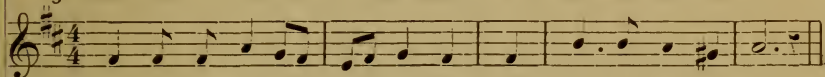
- 1 For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace
Until Jerusalem be blest
And Judah dwell at ease;
- 2 Until her righteousness return,
As daybreak after night—
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.
- 3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name.
- 4 The watchmen on her walls appear,
And day and night proclaim,
"Zion's Deliverer is near;
Make mention of his name."
- 5 Go through, go through, prepare the way
The gates wide open fling;
With loudest voice let heralds say,
"Behold thy coming King."



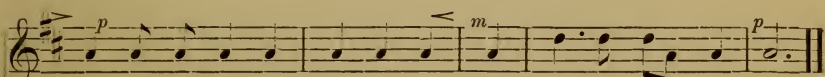
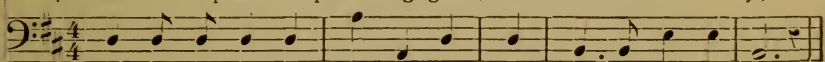
- 1 Hark! from the tomb a dole - ful sound; My ears at - tend the cry;
 2 " Prin-ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs!



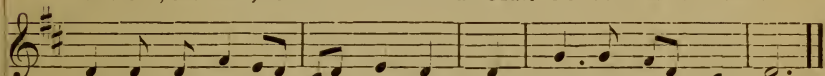
- 3 Great God! is this our cer - tain doom? And are we still se - cure?



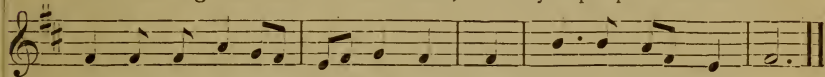
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick-'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly;



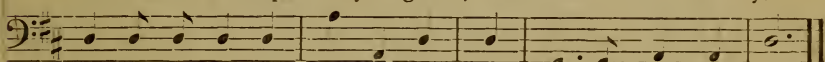
Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short - ly lie.
 The tall, the wise, the rev - 'rend head Must lie as low as ours.



Still walk-ing down-ward to our tomb, And yet pre-pare no more?



Then when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll rise a - bove the sky.



587

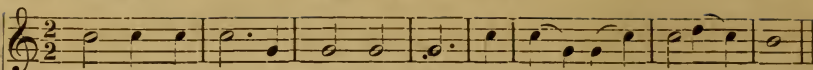
C. M.

- 1 If I must die, O, let me die
 With hope in Jesus' blood—
 The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
 And reconciles to God.
 2 If I must die, O, let me die
 In peace with all mankind,
 And change these fleeting joys below
 For pleasures more refin'd.
 3 If I must die—and die I must—
 Let some kind seraph come,
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home.
 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
 May I but have a view,
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks
 I'll boldly venture through.

577

C. M.

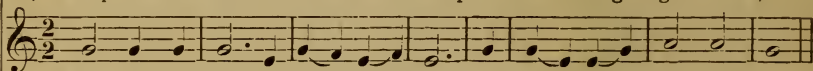
- 1 Hear what the voice from heav'n pro-
 claims
 For all the pious dead;
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suff'ring and from 'sin releas'd
 And freed from every snare.
 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with their Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.



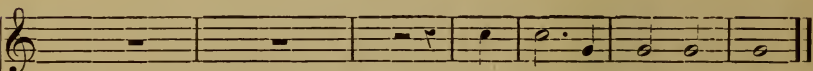
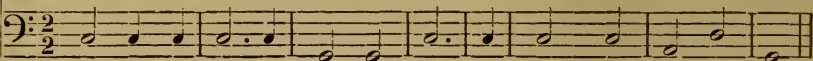
- 1 Weep for the lost! Thy Saviour wept O'er Sa - lem's hapless doom;
 2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept O'er Is - rael's gloomy fate,



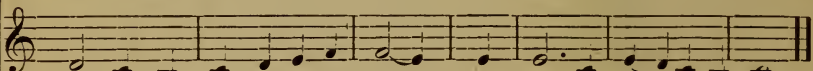
- 3 Weep for the lost! A - pos - tles wept, That men should er - ror choose;
 4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep In that long night of wo,



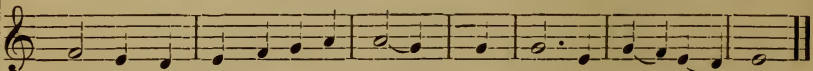
- 5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep, And toil with cease-less care,



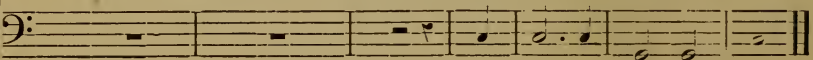
He wept to think their day was past, And come their night of gloom.
 When vengeance had unsheath'd her sword Re - pent - ance came too late.



That dy - ing men should Christ re - ject, And end - less life re fuse.
 On which no star of hope will rise, And tears in vain will flow.



To save our friends, ere yet they pass That point of deep des - pair.



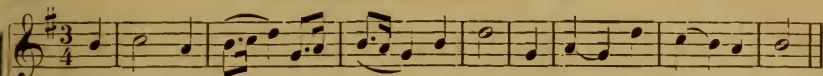
124

C. M.

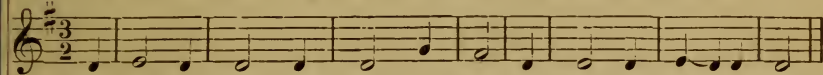
- 1 I love to steal a while away
 From ev'ry cum'bring care;
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble grateful pray'r.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear;
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

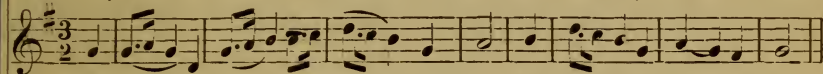
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray,
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.



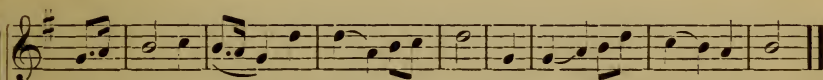
1 Our God, our help in a ges past, Our hope for years to come;
 2 Un - der the shad - ow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;



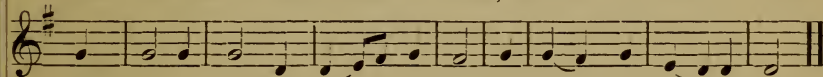
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceiv'd her frame,
 4 Thy word com-mands our flesh to dust, Re - turn, ye sons of men!



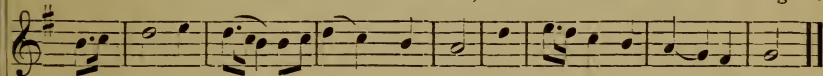
5 The bus - y tribes of flesh and blood, With all their lives and cares,



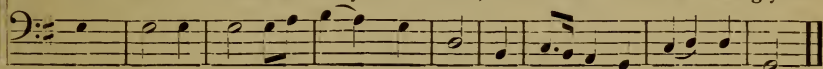
Our shel-ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 Suf - fic - ient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.



From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, Through end-less years the same.
 All na - tions rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - gain.



Are car - ried down-ward by the flood, And lost in foll - 'wing years.



1 There is a name I love to hear;
 I love to sing its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of his precious blood
 The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my smallest woe:
 Who in each sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.

4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road—
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God:

6 And there, with all the blood-bought
 through,
 From sin and sorrow free.
 I'll sing the new eternal song
 Of Jesus' love to me.

1 Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
2 What did thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath?

3 O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy pow'r;

4 Au-thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea-ry long-ing eyes;

If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from sec-ond death?

Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve Nor let me wait one hour!

O let me now re-ceive the gift! My soul with out it, dies.

532

C. M.

- 1 Lord, teach thy servants how to pray,
With rev'rence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must to thee draw near.
- 2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee!
Give broken, contrite, hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility—the sense
Of Godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one Sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ—on Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay—
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.
- 6 Give these—and then thy will be done!
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

414

C. M.

- 1 The souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree,
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free,
- 3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow:
'Till sad desertion makes us droop:
And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart,
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye
And fight with hell by faith.

1 Je - sus! thou art the sin - ner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now
 2 Re - mem - ber thy pure word of grace, Re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry; Re-

3 Thou won - drous Ad-vo-cate with God! I yield my - self to thee: While
 4 I own I'm guilt - y, own I'm vile, Yet thy sal - va-tion's free; Then

5 Howe'er for - sak - en, or dis - tress'd, Howe'er op-press'd I be, How-
 6 And when I close my eyes in death, And creature helps all flee, Then,

in the bow-els of thy love, O Lord! remember me. O Lord remember me.
 member all thy dying groans, And then remember me. O Lord remember me.

thou art sitting on thy throne, O, Lord! remember me. O Lord remember me.
 in thy all-abounding grace, O, Lord! remember me. O Lord remember me.

e'er af-flict-ed here on earth, Do thou remember me. Do thou remember me.
 O my great Redeemer, God, I pray remember me. I pray remember me.

640

C. M.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Thee we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we!</p> <p>2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase,
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.</p> <p>3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.</p> | <p>4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.</p> <p>5 Infinite joy, or wretched wo,
 Attends on ev'ry breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go,
 Upon the brink of death!</p> <p>6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.</p> |
|--|--|

1 Meek - ly in Jor-dan's ho - ly stream The great Re - deem - er bow'd;
 2 Thus God de - scend - ed to ap - prove The deed that Christ had done;
 3 So, bless - ed Spir - it, come to-day To our bap - tis - mal scene:
 4 This day we give to ho - ly joy; This day to heav'n be - longs:

Bright was the glo - ry's sa - cred beam That hush'd the wond'ring crowd.
 Thus came the em - ble - mat - ic Dove And hov - er'd o'er the Son.
 Let thoughts of earth be far a - way, And ev - 'ry mind se - rene.
 Raised to new life we will em - ploy In mel - o - dy our tongues.

701

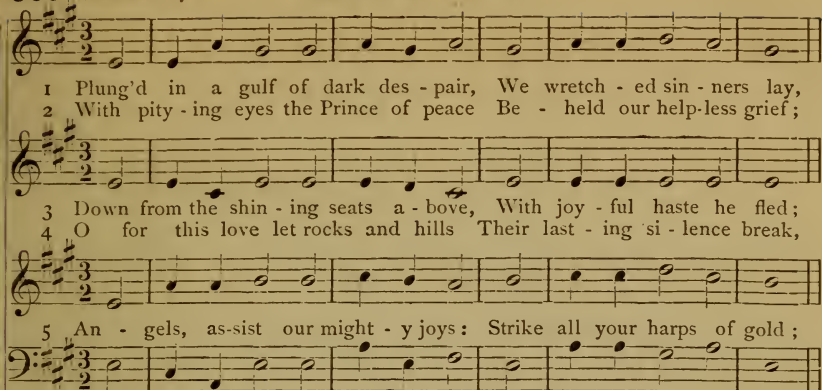
C. M.

- 1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,
 Through all the hours of night,
 And grant to me most graciously
 The safeguard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes
 Since thou wilt not remove;
 O, in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in thy love.
- 3 Or if this night should prove my last,
 And end my transient days,
 Lord take me to thy promis'd rest,
 Where I may sing thy praise.

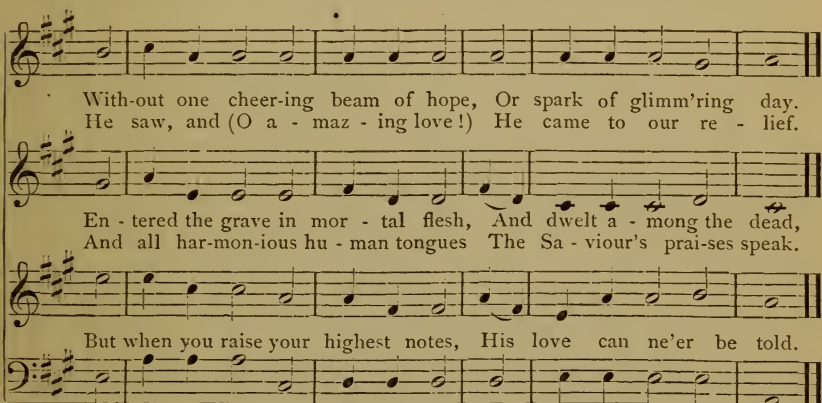
282

C. M.

- 1 Lord, in thy presence here we meet;
 May we in thee be found!
 O, make the place divinely sweet,
 And let thy grace abound.
- 2 With harmony thy servants bless,
 That we may own to thee
 How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis
 When brethren all agree.
- 3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
 And bless our feeble aim,
 That all we undertake to do,
 May glorify thy name.



1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark des - pair, We wretch - ed sin - ners lay,
2 With pity - ing eyes the Prince of peace Be - held our help-less grief;
3 Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove, With joy - ful haste he fled;
4 O for this love let rocks and hills Their last - ing si - lence break,
5 An - gels, as-sist our might - y joys: Strike all your harps of gold;



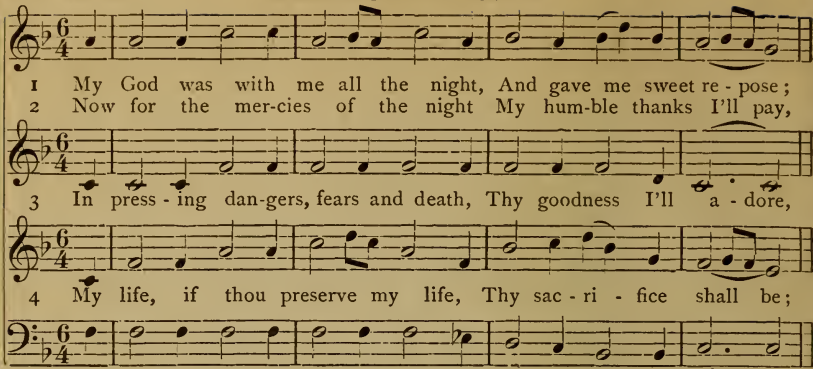
With-out one cheer-ing beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
He saw, and (O a - maz - ing love!) He came to our re - lief.
En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a - mong the dead,
And all har-mon-ious hu - man tongues The Sa - viour's prai-ses speak.
But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.

167 C. M.

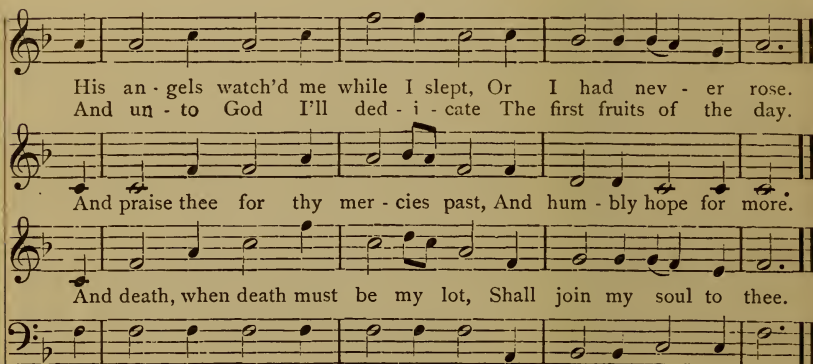
- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

700 C. M.

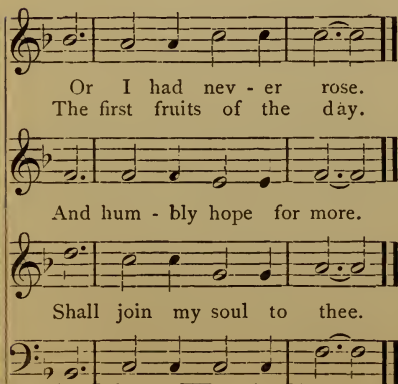
- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him who rules the skies,
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide on the heav'n, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead
But mercy held thy hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.



1 My God was with me all the night, And gave me sweet re - pose;
2 Now for the mer - cies of the night My hum - ble thanks I'll pay,
3 In press - ing dan - gers, fears and death, Thy goodness I'll a - dore,
4 My life, if thou preserve my life, Thy sac - ri - fice shall be;



His an - gels watch'd me while I slept, Or I had nev - er rose.
And un - to God I'll ded - i - cate The first fruits of the day.
And praise thee for thy mer - cies past, And hum - bly hope for more.
And death, when death must be my lot, Shall join my soul to thee.



Or I had nev - er rose.
The first fruits of the day.
And hum - bly hope for more.
Shall join my soul to thee.

694.

C. M.

- 1 Early, my God, without delay.
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit fains away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temples shine:
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine,
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing,

1 I'm not a - sham'd to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause,
 2 Je - sus, my Lord! I know his name, His name is all my trust;
 3 Firm as his throne his prom-ise stands, And he can well se - cure,
 4 Then will he own my worth-less name, Be - fore his Fa - ther's face.

Main - tain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.
 Nor will he , put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com - mit - ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.
 And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Ap - point my soul a place.

32

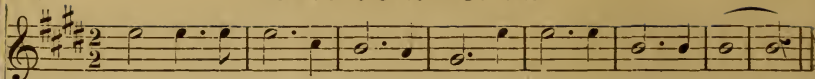
C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head,
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

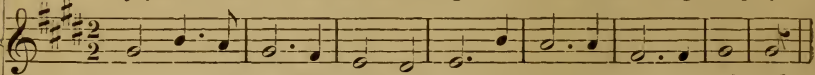
685

C. M.

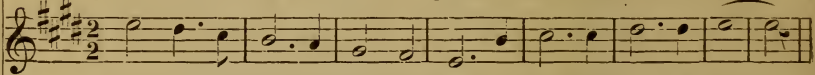
- 1 Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below,
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away
And bodies part no more.



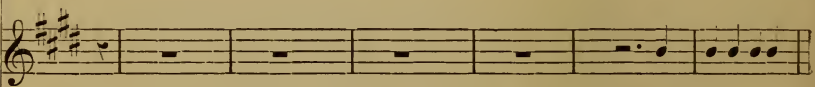
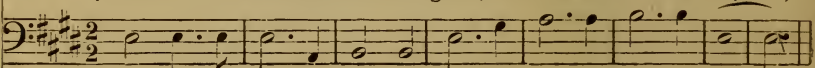
- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King:
2 Joy to the earth! the Sa-viour reigns, Let men their songs em-ploy:



- 3 No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;



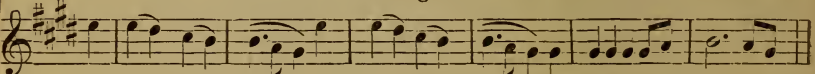
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove,



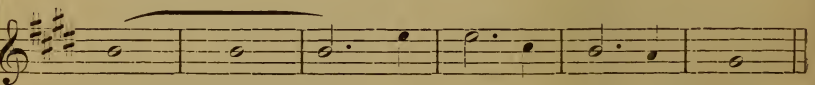
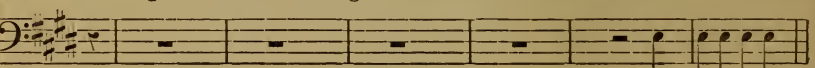
Let ev 'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing. And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sound-ing joy, Re-



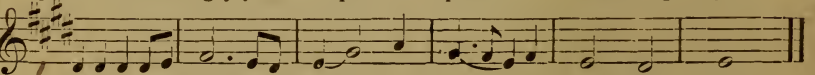
He comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found Far



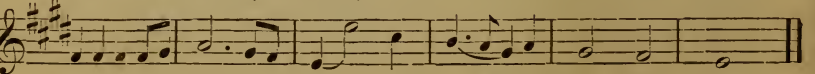
The glo-ries of his right-eous-ness, And won-ders of his love, And



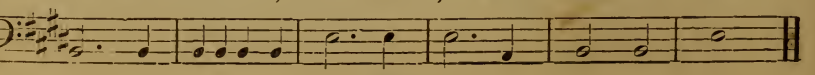
heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, Re-peat the sound-ing joy.



as the curse is found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.



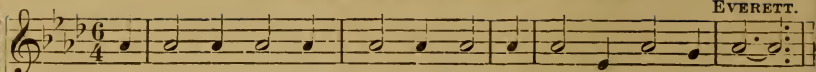
won-ders of his love, And wonders, Wonders of his love.



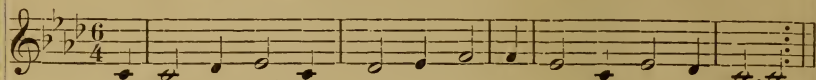
1 To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev - er more a - dor'd,
 3 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;

f
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor The great and might - y Lord.
 Jus - tice shall guard his throne above, And peace a - bound be - low.

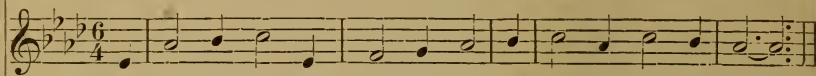
ff
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
 The won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and might - y Lord.
 Jus - tice shall guard his throne above, And peace a - bound be - low.



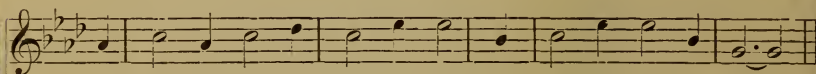
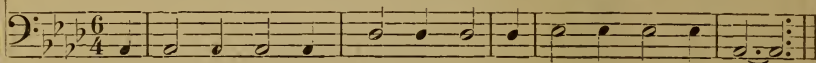
1 { O that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his stat-utes still!
 { O that my God would grant me grace, To know and do his will.



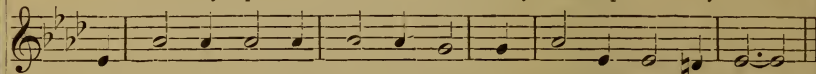
2 { From van - i - ty turn off my eyes; Let no cor-rupt de - sign,
 { Nor cov - e - tous de - sires a - rise, With-in this soul of mine.



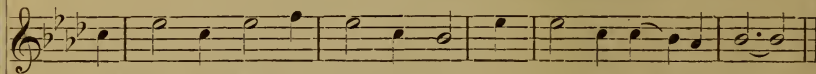
3 { My soul has gone too far a - stray, My feet too of - ten slip:
 { Yet since I've not for - got thy way, Re - store thy wand-'ring sheep.



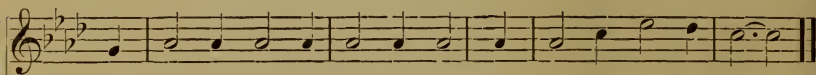
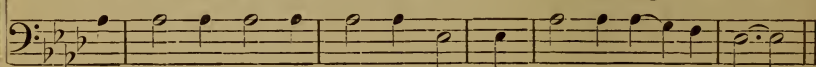
O send thy Spir - it down to write Thy law up - on my heart!



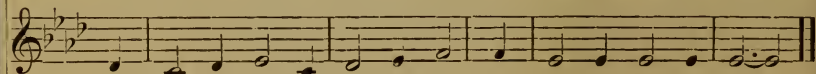
Or - der my foot - steps by thy word, And make my heart sin - cere;



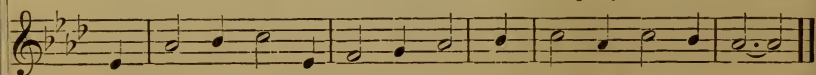
Make me to walk in thy commands, 'Tis a de - light - ful road;



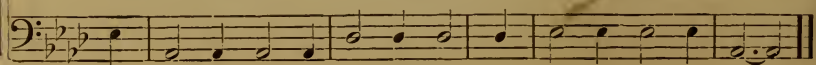
Nor let my tongue in-dulge de - ceit, Nor act the liar's part.



Let sin have no do - min-ion, Lord, But keep my con-science clean.



Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Of - fend a - gainst my God.



586

C. M.

- 1 My soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you mine eyes look down and
view
The hollow gaping tomb :
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead !
Then should our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should
love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of
flesh
These fetters and this load.
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before our summons come.
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

140

C. M.

- 1 To-day God bids the faithful rest,
To-day he show'rs his grace ;
Seek ye my face, the Lord hath said ;
Lord, we will seek thy face,
- 2 Come, let us leave the things on earth,
With God's assembly join ;
Lo, heav'n descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine !
- 3 We come, dear Saviour, lo, we come,
Lord of our life and soul !
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
Be pleased to make us whole.
- 4 We thirst and flee to thee, O Lord !
Thou fountain-head of good !
Filthy we come, and all unclean ;
O cleanse us in thy blood !
- 5 O may we please our God to-day,
May that be all our care !
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.
- 5 Amid th' assembly of thy saints
Let us be faithful found ;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.

235

C. M.

- 1 A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail ;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion ! can not fail.
- 2 No ! thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.
- 3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears ;
And every groan, and ev'ry sigh,
Divine compassion hears.
- 4 O Zion ! learn to doubt no more,
Be ev'ry fear suppress'd ;
Unchanging truth, and love, and pow'r,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

599

C. M.

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own ;
And bids them leave a world of wo
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was giv'n ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heav'n.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest ;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled his own ;
And let our hearts, in ev'ry wo,
Still say—" Thy will be done !"

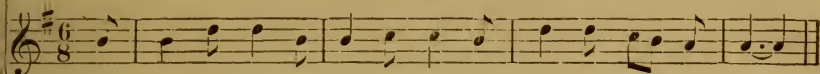
1 Ye hum-ble sin-ners, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve :
 2 I'll go to Jesus though my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose :
 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess ;
 4 I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose scepter pardon gives ;
 5 Perhaps he will admit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r ;
 6 I can but per - ish if I go, I am re - solv'd to try,

Fine.

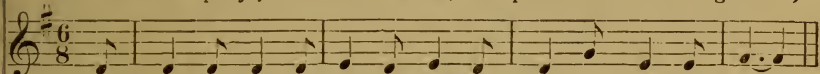
Come, with your fear and guilt op-prest, And make this last re - solve.
 I know his courts I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, With - out his sov - reign grace.
 Per - haps he may command my touch, And then the sup - pliant lives.
 But if I per - ish, I will pray ; And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way, I know, I must for - ev - er die.

D.C.

And make this last re - solve, And make this last re - solve.
 What - ev - er may op - pose, What ev - er may op - pose.
 With - out his sov - reign grace, With - out his sov - reign grace.
 And then the sup - pliant lives. And then the sup - pliant lives.
 And per - ish on - ly there, And per - ish on - ly there.
 I must for - ev - er die, I must for - ev - er die.



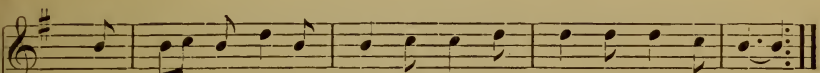
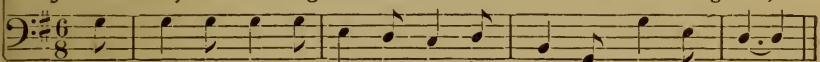
1 O, land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo - ment come,
2 No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful shelt - 'ring dome;



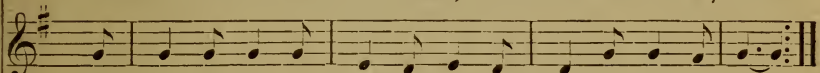
3 To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4 I would at once have quit this place, Where foes in fu - ry roam,



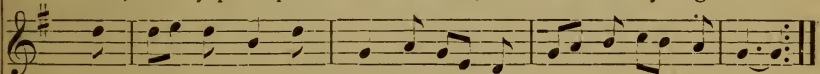
5 Wea - ry of wand - 'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,



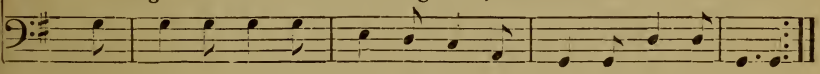
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
This world's a wild - er - ness of wo; This world is not my home.



And fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home.
But, ah! my pass - port was not seal'd, I could not yet go home.



I long to leave th' unhal - low'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

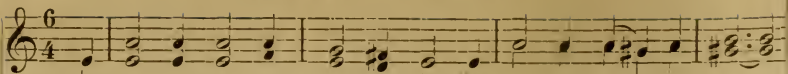


670

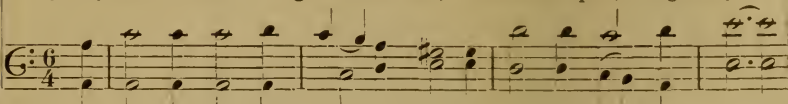
C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.

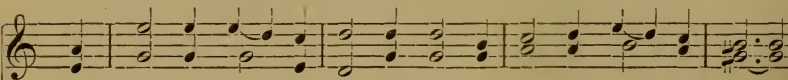
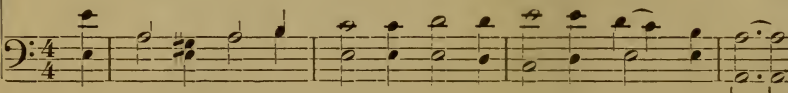
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eter - nal day;
There God the Son forever reigns
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore.
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.



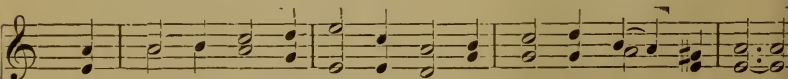
1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross? A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
 2 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 3 Thy saints, in all this glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, though they die



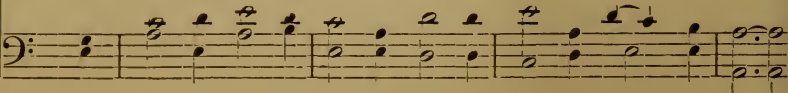
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name,
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 They view the tri - umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.



Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour-age, Lord;
 When that il - lus-tr'ous day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine,



While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas.
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.
 In robes of vic - tory through the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine



THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1 There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins:
 2 The dy-ing thief re-joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3 Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply.
 5 And when this fee-ble, falt'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

Fine

And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains,
 And may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way,
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Are sav'd to sin no more,
 Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
 Then in a no-bler sweet-er song I'll sing thy power to save,

D.C.

Lose all their guil-ty stains Lose all their guil-ty stains.
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more,
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
 I'll sing thy power to save, I'll sing thy power to save,

FAIR HAVEN. C. M.

1 Hail, sweet-est, dear-est tie, that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one;
 2 What though the northern win - 'try blast Shall howl a - round our cot;
 3 From eastern shores, from northern lands, From west - ern hill and plain,
 4 From Burmah's shores from Afric's strand, From In - dia's burn-ing plain,
 5 No ling'ring look nor part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meet-ing knows;

Hail, sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
 What though be - neath an eas - tern sun Be cast our dis - tant lot.
 From south-ern climes the broth - er bands May hope to meet a - gain.
 From Eu - rope, from Co - lum - bia's land, We hope to meet a - gain.
 Where friendship beams from ev - ry eye, And love im - mor - tal glows.

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has given—

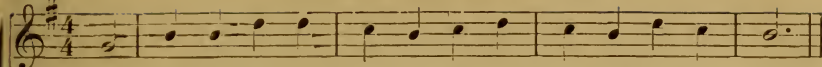
The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

4|

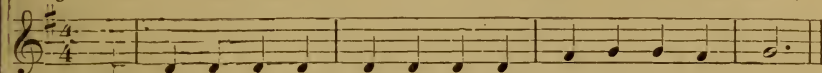
C. M.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day.
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road,
 The church adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

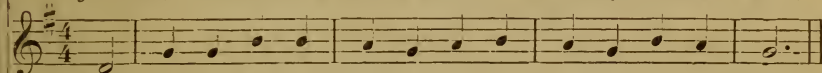
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
 And with his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints;
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest,
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell
 There God my Saviour reigns.



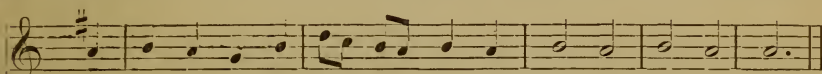
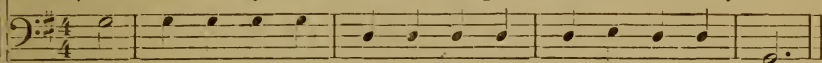
- 1 All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
 2 Crown him ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call;
 3 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small,



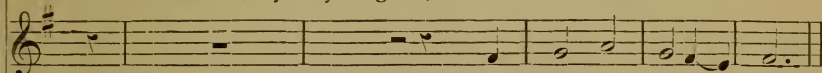
- 4 Ye Gen - tile sin - ners ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
 5 Babes, men, and sires who know his love, Who feel your sin and thrall,



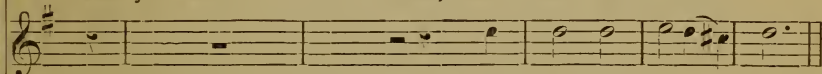
- 6 Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 7 O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;



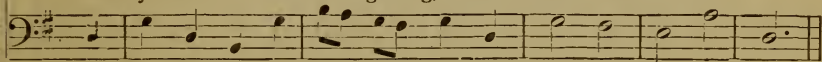
- Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all.



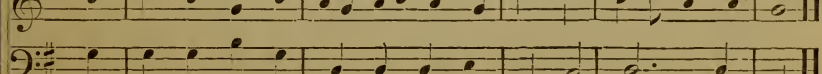
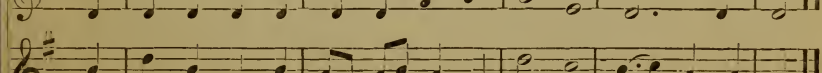
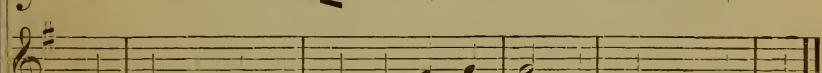
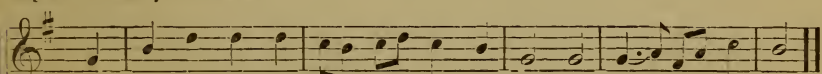
- Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now join with all the hosts a - bove, And crown Him Lord of all



- To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



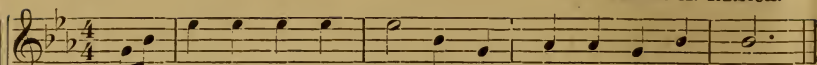
Repeat last line of each verse.



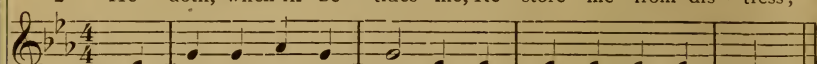
THE LORD MY SHEPHERD FEEDS ME. 7's & 6's.

Ps. 23.

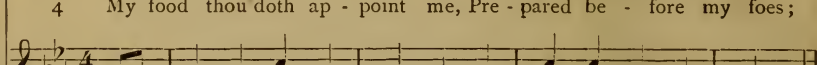
NELLIE A. REMICK.



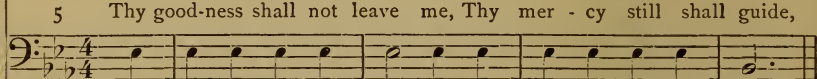
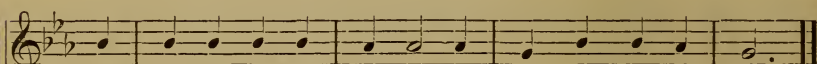
1 The Lord my Shep-herd feeds me, And I no want shall know;
2 He doth, when ill be - tides me, Re - store me from dis - tress;



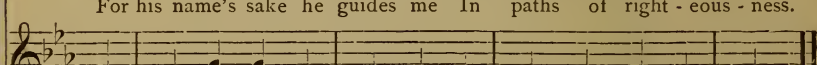
3 Thy rod and staff shall cheer me, When pass-ing death's dark vale;
4 My food thou doth ap - point me, Pre - pared be - fore my foes;



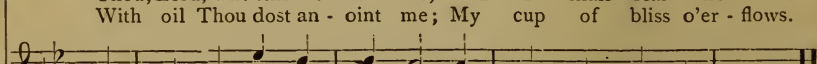
5 Thy good-ness shall not leave me, Thy mer - cy still shall guide,

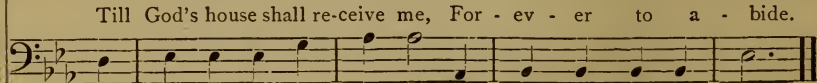
He in green pas-tures leads me, By streams which gent - ly flow.
For his name's sake he guides me In paths of right - eous - ness.



Thou, Lord, wilt still be near me, And I shall fear no ill.
With oil Thou dost an - oint me; My cup of bliss o'er - flows.



Till God's house shall re-ceive me, For - ev - er to a - bide.



- 1 We bring no glitt'ring treasures
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
- 2 Children, thy favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.
- 3 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth:

- 4 We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.
- 5 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
- 6 Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow In na - ture's bar - ren soil;

2 A bleed - ing Sa - viour, seen by faith, A sense of pard - 'ning love,

3 These are the joys that sat - is - fy, And sanc - ti - fy the mind

Fine.

All we can boast, 'till Christ we know, Is van - i - ty and toil,
A hope that tri - umphs ov - er death, Give joys like those a - bove.

Which make the Spir - it mount on high, And leave the world be - hind.

There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace, Are found and there a - lone.
Are springs of joy that nev - er fail, Un - speak - a - ble, di - vine.
Re - sign to them that know him not, Such joys as earth af - fords.

D.S.

But where the Lord has plant - ed grace, And made his glo - ries known.

To take a glimpse with - in the vail, To know that God is mine,

No more be - liev - ers mourn your lot, But if you are the Lord's,

1 When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti-tle clear When I can read my ti-tle

{ When I can read my ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry

When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti-tle clear When I can read my ti-tle

clear, ti - tle clear When I can read my ti - tle clear, to man-sions in the skies.

{ clear, When I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies.
fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - ry fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.

clear, ti - tle clear When I can read my ti - tle clear, to man-sions in tee skies.

We will stand the storm It will not be very long We will an-chor by and by,

We will stand the storm We will an - chor by

We will stand stand the storm It will not be very long We will an-chor by and by,

WE'LL STAND THE STORM.--Con.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves are also treble clefs with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "We will an - chor by and by We will stand, stand the storm It will and by by and by We will stand, the We will an - chor by and by We will stand, stand the storm It will".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The second and third staves are also treble clefs with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "not be ver - y long We will an - chor by and by, by and by. storm We will an - chor by and by, not be ver - y long We will an - chor by and by.".

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come ;
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavn'ly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

1 { Bless'd is the man who shuns the place, Where sin - ners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wick - ed ways, And hates the scoff - er's seat ;

2 { Green as the leaf, and ev - er fair Shall his pro - fess - ions shine ;
While fruits of ho - li - ness ap - pear Like clus - ters on the vine.

3 { Sin - ners in judgements shall not stand A - mong the sons of grace.
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand Ap - points his saints a place.

4 But in the stat - utes of the Lord, Has plac'd his chief de - light ;

5 Not so the im - pious and un - just ; What vain de - signs they form !

6 His eye beholds the path they tread, His heart ap - proves it well ;

7 By day he reads or hears the word, And med - i - tates by night.

8 Their hopes are blown a - way like dust, Or chaff be - fore the storm.

9 But crook - ed ways of sin - ners lead Down to the gates of hell.

1 Lord in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend-ing high ;
 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints,
 3 Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand :
 4 But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer-cies there,
 5 O may thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right - 'ous ness ;

To thee will I di - rect my pray'r To thee lift up mine eye.
 Pre - sent - ing at his Fath-er's throne Our songs and our com-plaints.
 Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
 I will fre - quent thy ho-ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.
 Make ev-ry path of du-ty straight, And plain be - fore my face.

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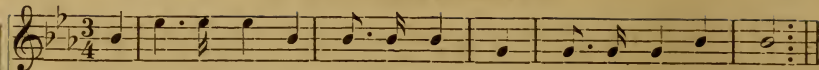
C. M.

- 1 Thou art the way ; to thee alone
 From sin and death we flee ;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek him, Lord, through thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth ; thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart :
 Thou, only, canst instruct the mind,
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life ; the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm ;
 And those who put their trust in thee,
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;
 Grant us to know that way,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Which lead to endless day.

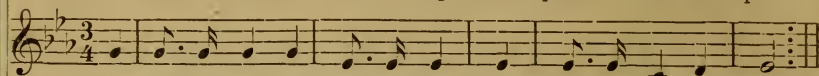
687

C. M.

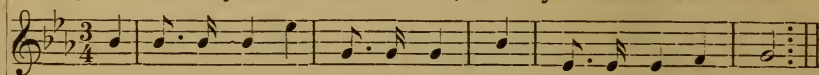
- 1 Now, pilgrims let us go in peace,
 While through this world we rove,
 Till all these parting moments cease,
 And we shall meet above.
- 2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
 And foes beset the road,
 We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
 Where we shall rest with God.
- 3 Let us rejoice in God, our King,
 While pilgrims here we rove,
 And join with heart and voice to sing,
 The wonders of his love.
- 4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land.
 And tread the peaceful shore,
 And there unite a glorious band.
 Our Jesus to adore,



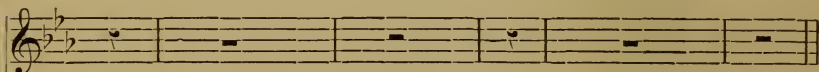
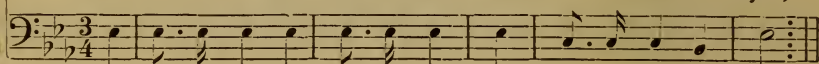
1 { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.



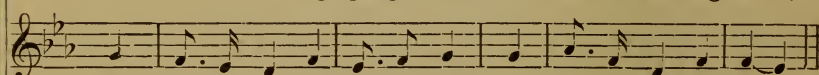
2 { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween.



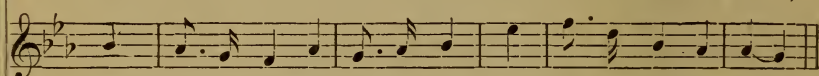
3 { O, could we make our doubts remove— These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;



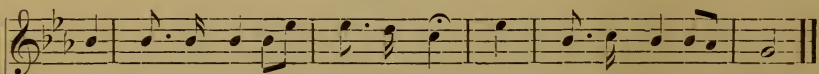
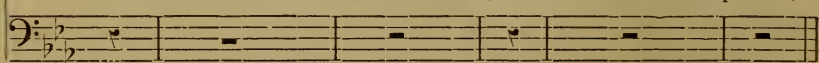
There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with'ring flow'rs;



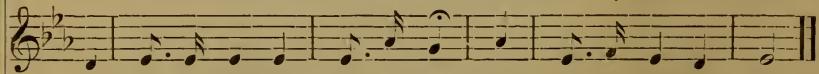
But tim'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;



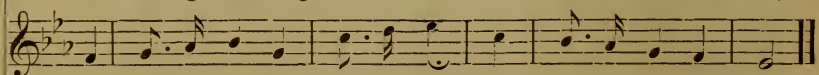
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



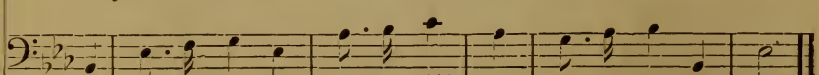
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heav'n - ly land from ours.



And lin - ger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way,



Not Jor-dan's streams, nor death's cold flood, Could fright us from the shore.



19

C. M.

- 1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move :
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
On this our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise ;
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

6

C. M.

- 1 Holy and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry ;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

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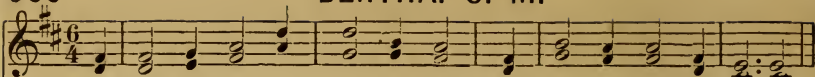
C. M.

- 1 From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise my soul and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Not life nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 3 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod.
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 4 In fierce temptations fi'ry blasts,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.
- 5 So when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.
- 6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

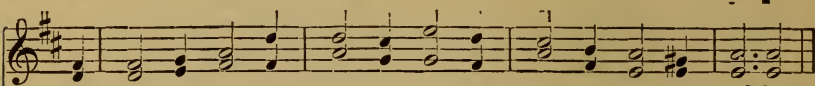
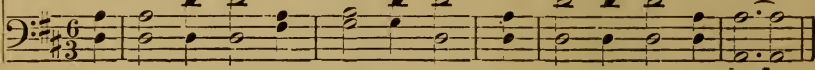
229

C. M.

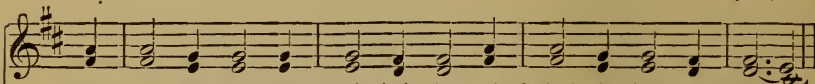
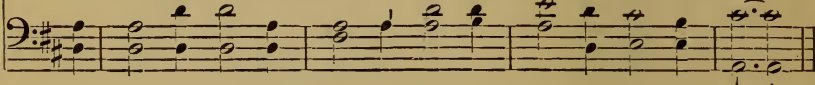
- 1 Behold the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.



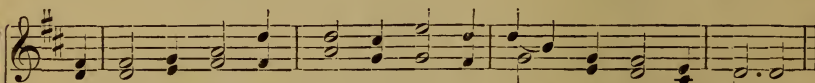
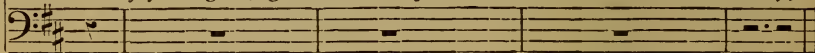
- 1 And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it droop or die;
 2 In hope - of that im - mor - tal crown, I now the cross sus - tain,
 3 O, what hath Je - sus bought for me! Be - fore my raptur'd eyes
 4 O, what are all my suffer - ings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet



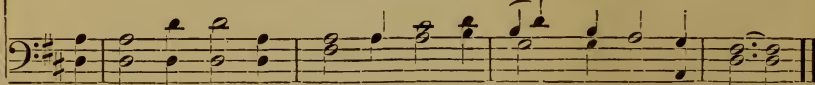
My soul shall quit this mournful vale And soar to worlds on high:
 And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain:
 Riv - ers of life di - vine I see, And trees of par - a - dise:
 With that enraptur'd host t'ap - pear, And wor - ship at thy feet!



Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied saints, And find its long-sought rest,
 I suf - fer on my threescore years, Till my De - liv' - rer come,
 I see a world of spir - its bright, Who taste the pleasures there;
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a - way;



(That on - ly bliss for which it pants) In the Re - deemer's breast,
 And wipe a - way his ser - vant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.
 They all are rob'd in spot-less white, And conquering palms they bear.
 But, let me find them all a - gain, In that e - ter - nal day.



- 1 Happy is he whose early years
 Receive instruction well,
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
 2 'Tis easier work, if we begin,
 To serve the Lord betimes.
 While sinners who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd by their crimes,

- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young:
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,
 And makes our virtues strong.
 4 To thee, Almighty God! to thee
 Our hearts we now resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
 5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
 Employ our daily breath:
 Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
 Or fit for early death.

1 In mem - 'ry of the Sa-viour's love We keep the sa - cred feast,

2 Here let our ran - som'd pow'rs u - nite His hon-or'd name to raise;

3 One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord, One God a - lone we know;

4 Un - der his ban - ner thus we sing The won-ders of his love,

Where ev - 'ry hum - ble con-trite heart, Is made a wel - come guest.

Let grate - ful joy fill ev-'ry mind, And ev - 'ry voice be praise.

Breth - ren we are; let ev'ry heart With kind af - fec - tions glow.

And thus an - tic - i - pate, by faith, The heav'nly feast a - bove.

594

C. M.

- 1 Behold the western ev'ning light!
It melts in deep'ning gloom
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wand'ring cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the mem'ry left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last.
- 5 And lo, above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

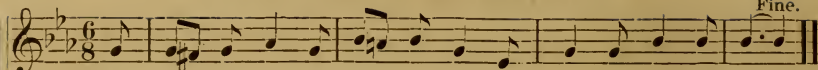
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall sleep to wake no more.

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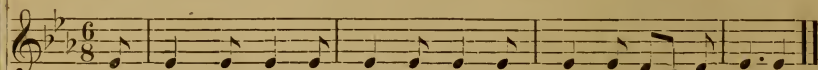
C. M.

- 1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin he pardon'd, I'm secure.
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

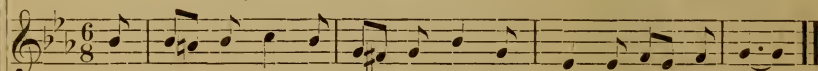
Fine.



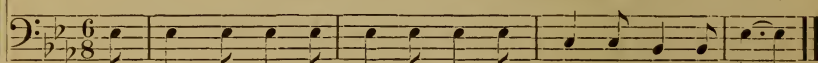
1 When waves of trou-ble round me swell, My soul is not dis-may'd :
 2 When black the threat'ning skies ap-pear, And storms my path in-vade,



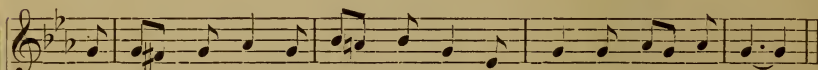
3 There is a gulf that must be cross'd; Sa-viour be near to aid!



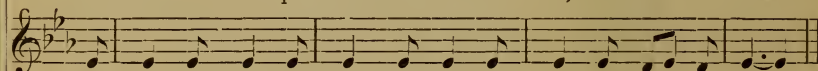
4 There is a dark and fear-ful vale, Death hides with-in its shade;



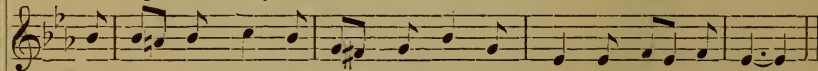
♩ O may we ev-er hear that voice, 'Tis I be not a-fraid.



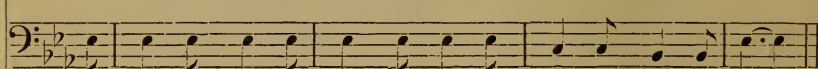
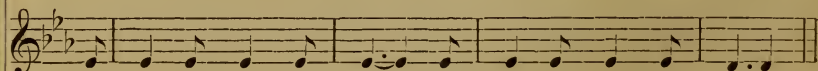
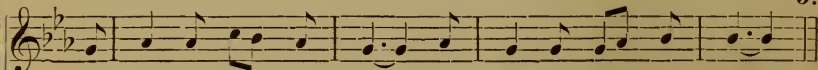
I hear a voice I know full well, 'Tis I; be not a-fraid.
 Those ac-cents tran-quil-ize each fear— 'Tis I; be not a-fraid.



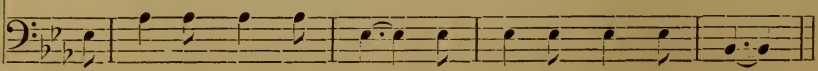
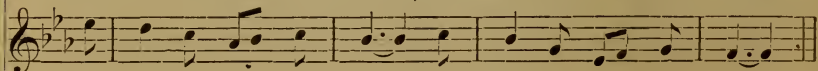
Whis-per when my frail bark is toss'd— 'Tis I; be not a-fraid.



O say, when flesh and heart shall fail— 'Tis I; be not a-fraid.

D.C. *♩*

'Tis I be not a-fraid, 'Tis I be not a-fraid.



1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all gen-er - ations.
 2. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return, ye children of men.
 3. { Thou carriest them away as with a flood, they are } grow - eth up.
 { as a sleep, in the morning they are like grass which }
 4. { Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even } so is thy wrath.
 { according to thy fear, }

1. { Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever } last - ing thou art God.
 { thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even }
 { from everlasting to ever }
 2. { For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yes- } as a watch in the night,
 { terday when it is past, and }
 3. { In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in } down, *cut down* and withereth.
 { the evening it is cut }
 4. So teach us to number our days, that we may ap - ply our hearts unto wisdom.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Slowly and reverently.

Mat. vi. 9-13.

H. By per.

1. Our Father which art in heaven Hallow'd || be thy name,
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver || us from evil,
 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on || earth as it is in heaven,
 And forgive us our debts, as || we for - give our debtors, A - men.
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the || glory for-ever and ever,

1 Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing !
 2 He form'd the deeps un - known, He gave the seas their bound ;

3 Come, wor-ship at his throne, Come, bow be-fore the Lord ;
 4 To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod ;

5 But if your ears re - fuse The lan-guage of his grace,
 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest, Will lift his hand and swear,

Je - ho - vah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

We are his work, and not our own, He form'd us by his word.
 Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gracious God.

And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews, That un - be - liev - ing race :
 You that dispis'd my pro - mis'd rest, Shall have no por - tion there !

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S. M.

- 1 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold ;
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes.
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

79

S. M.

- 1 Lord, at thy sacred feet,
Joyful would we appear ;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.
- 2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone ;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee
Before thy holy throne.
- 3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free ;
'Tis from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.
- 4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord ;
Thy wondrous truth and love unfold.
The treasures of thy word.
- 5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are blessed with good ;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.
- 6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of Love ;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2 To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3 Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly;

A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
 And thy poor ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sur'd, if I my trust be - tray, A se - cond death I'll die.

50

S. M.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 His grace to thee proclaim;
 And all that is within me, join
 To bless his holy name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 His mercies bear in mind;
 Forget not all his benefits—
 The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 He will not always chide;
 He will with patience wait;
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.
- 4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.
- 5 Then bless his holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole:
 Whose loving kindness crowns thy days
 O bless the Lord, my soul!

450

S. M.

- 1 Our heav'nly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near:
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet
 And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs.
 He pardons ev'ry day;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
 What various stores of good,
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand
 And purchas'd with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
 We bless thy faithful care;
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
 Here wait, my warmest love!
 Till the communion be complete,
 In nobler scenes above.

1 My God, my life, my love, To thee to thee I call;
 2 Thy shin - ing grace can cheer This dung-eon where I dwell,
 3 The smil - ings of thy face, How a - mi - able they are!
 4 Not all the harps a - bove, Can make a heav'n - ly place,
 5 Nor earth nor all the sky Can one de - light af - ford,
 6 Thou art the sea of love Where all my plea - sures roll.

I can not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.
 'Tis Par-a-dise when thou art here, If thou de - part 'tis hell.
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace, And no where else but there.
 If God his res - i - dence re - move, Or but con - ceal his face.
 No, not one drop of real joy, Without thy presence, Lord.
 The circle where my passions move, And cen - tre of my soul.

713

S. M.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
 The ev'ning shades appear,
 O may we all remember well,
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unweari'd sun;
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run!

- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest—
 The bosom of thy love!

115

S. M.

- 1 Once more, before we part.
 We'll bless the Saviour's name,
 Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
 Sing ev'ry tongue, the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow;
 Go on, and seek to know the Lord,
 And practice what you know.
- 3 And if we meet no more
 On Zion's earthly ground,
 O may we reach that blissful state
 Where all thy saints are bound.

1 A sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
 2 Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be,
 3 Near - er the bound of life, Where falls my bur - den down;
 4 Sa - viour con - firm my trust, Com - plete my trust in thee;
 5 Feel as if now my feet Were slip - ping o'er the brink.

To - day I'm near - er to my home Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 And near - er to the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 Near - er to where I leave my cross, And where I gain my crown.
 And let me feel as if I stood Close on e - ter - ni - ty;
 For I may now be near - er home, Much near - er than I think.

621

S. M.

- 1 And must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mold'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And often from the skies,
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry form and ev'ry face,
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

578

S. M.

- 1 Go to thy rest, fair child!
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefil'd,
 With blessings on thy head.
- 2 Before thy heart had learn'd
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before thy feet had ever turn'd
 The dark and downward way;
- 3 Ere sin had sear'd the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear;
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
 In yon celestial sphere;
- 4 Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lip and eye so bright,
 Because thy loving cradle care
 Was such a dear delight;
- 5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
 Thy upward wing detain?
 No! gentle angel, seek thy place
 Amid the cherub train.

1 I am, saith Christ, the way, Now it we cred - it him,
 2 I am, saith Christ, the truth; Then all that lacks this test,
 3 I am, saith Christ the life: Let this be seen by faith,
 4 If what those words a - ver, The Ho - ly Ghost ap - ply,

All oth - er paths must lead as - tray, How fair so - e'er they seem.
 Pro-ceed it from an an - gel's mouth, Is but a lie at best.
 It fol - lows with-out furth - er strife, That all be - sides is death.
 The simplest Christian shall not err, Nor be de - ceiv'd, nor die.

104

S. M.

- 1 Lord, at this closing hour
 Establish ev'ry heart
 Upon thy word of truth and pow'r,
 To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give:
 Fill all our hearts with love;
 In faith and patience may we live,
 And seek our rest above.
- 3 Through changes, bright or drear,
 We would thy will pursue;
 And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
 Till we its glories view.
- 4 To God, the Only Wise,
 In ev'ry age ador'd,
 Let glory from the church arise.
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord

293

S. M.

- 1 Go with thy servant, Lord,
 His ev'ry step attend
 All needful help to him afford,
 And bless him to the end.
- 2 Preserve him from all wrong;
 Stand thou at his right hand;
 And keep him from the slan'd'rous tongue
 And persecuting band.
- 3 May he proclaim aloud
 The wonders of thy grace;
 And do thou to the list'ning crowd,
 His faithful labors bless.
- 4 Farewell dear lab'rer, go;
 We part with thee in love.
 And if we meet no more below,
 O may we meet above.

168

S. M.

- 1 The law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands.
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold how terribly he dies,
For his presumpt'ous thought.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

531

S. M.

- 1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward—
To thee and thy great name.
- 4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 5 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.
- 6 I want I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

716

S. M.

- 1 God is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health and friends,
And ev'ry good, I owe.
- 2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small,
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

187

S. M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

172

S. M.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found
And there's no weeping there.

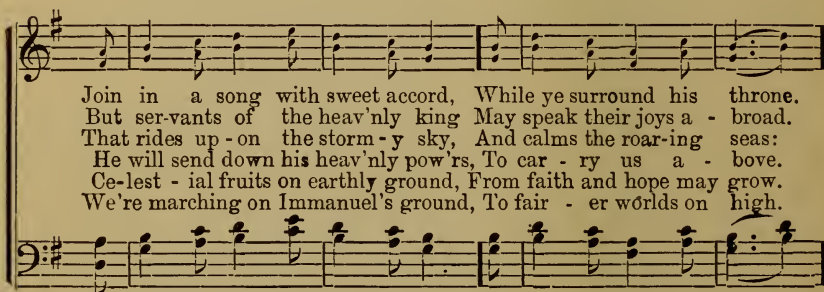
242

S. M.

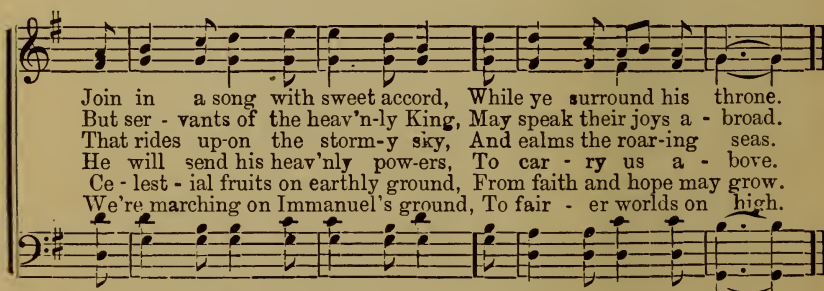
- 1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found—
- 2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
Thy soul shall there be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And when the waves of ire,
Again the world shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.



1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing, That nev-er knew our God.
 3. The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur-veys,
 4. This aw-ful God is ours, Our Fa-ther and our Love;
 5. The men of grace have found Glo-ry be-gin be-low;
 6. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-ry tear be dry



Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.
 But ser-vants of the heav'nly king May speak their joys a-broad.
 That rides up-on the storm-y sky, And calms the roar-ing seas:
 He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs, To car-ry us a-bove.
 Ce-lest-ial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.
 We're marching on Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

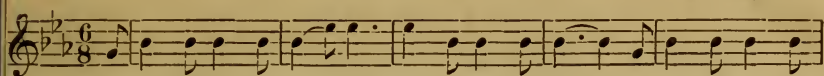


Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.
 But ser-vants of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a-broad.
 That rides up-on the storm-y sky, And calms the roar-ing seas.
 He will send his heav'nly pow'rs, To car-ry us a-bove.
 Ce-lest-ial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.
 We're marching on Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

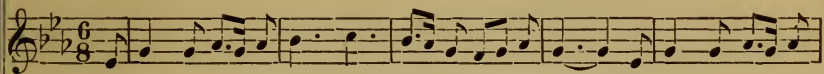
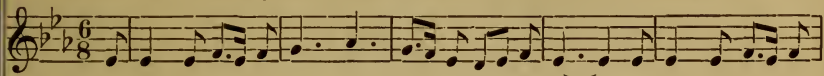
253

S. M.

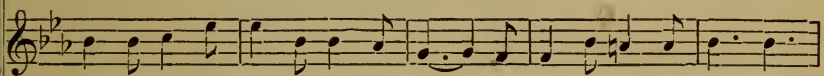
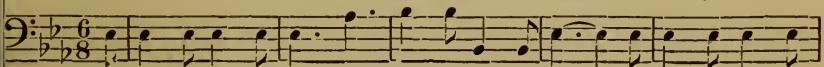
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode—
 The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
 With his own precious blood.</p> <p>2. I love thy church, O God;
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.</p> <p>3. For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my pray'rs ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n
 Till toils and cares shall end.</p> | <p>4. Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heav'nly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.</p> <p>5. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
 Our Savior and our King,
 Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
 Shall great deliv'rance bring.</p> <p>6. Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be giv'n
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heav'n.</p> |
|---|--|



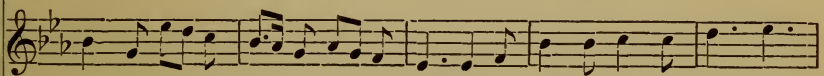
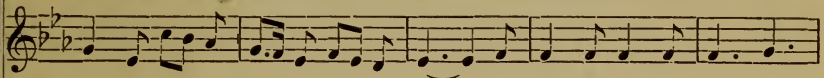
1. It is the hour of prayer, Draw near and bend the knee, And fill the calm and



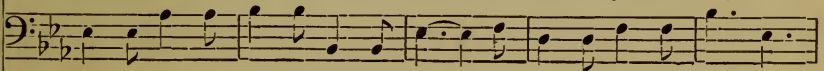
2. O, blessed is the hour That lifts our hearts on high! Like sunlight when the



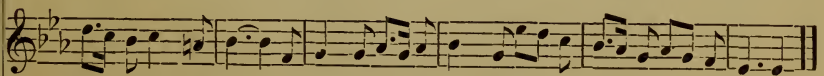
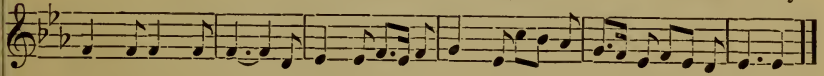
ho - ly air With voice of mel - o - dy! O'er wearied with the heat And



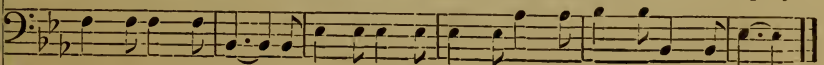
tempests low'r Pray'r to the soul is nigh; Though dark may be our lot, Our

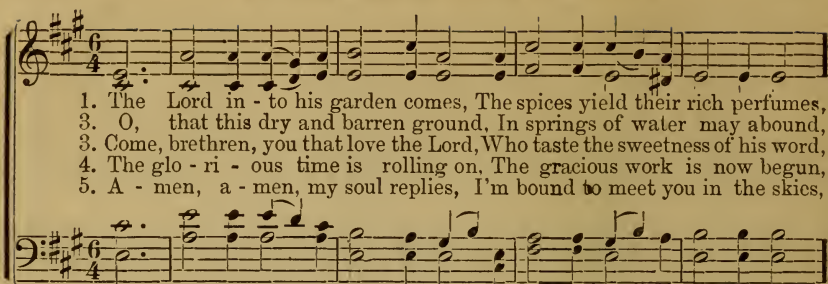


burd-en of the day, Now let us rest our wand'ring feet, That all the earth survey.

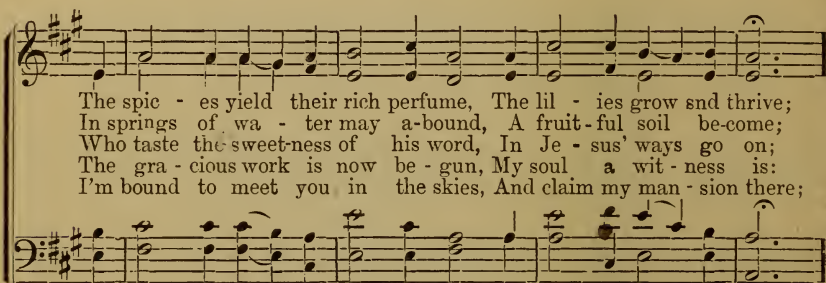


eyes be dim with care, These sadd'ning tho'ts shall trouble not This ho - ly hour of pray'r.

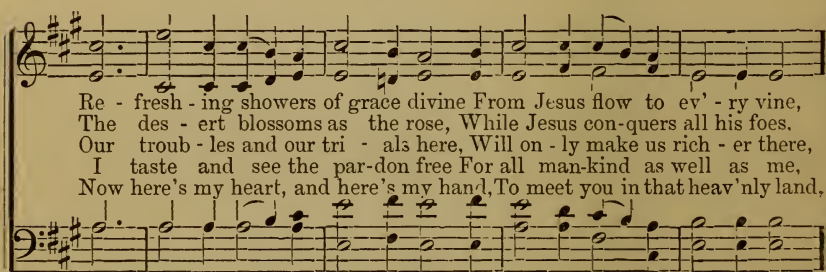




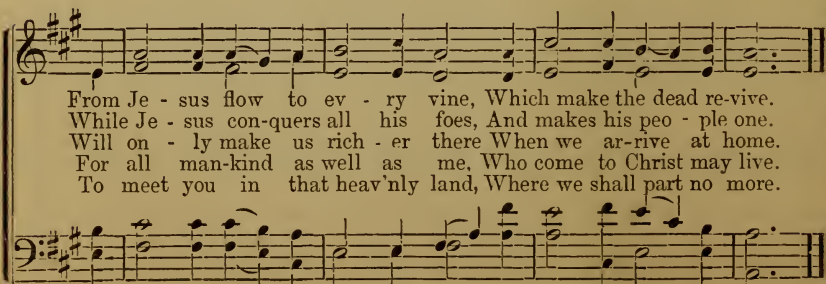
1. The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes,
 3. O, that this dry and barren ground, In springs of water may abound,
 3. Come, brethren, you that love the Lord, Who taste the sweetness of his word,
 4. The glo - ri - ous time is rolling on, The gracious work is now begun,
 5. A - men, a - men, my soul replies, I'm bound to meet you in the skies,



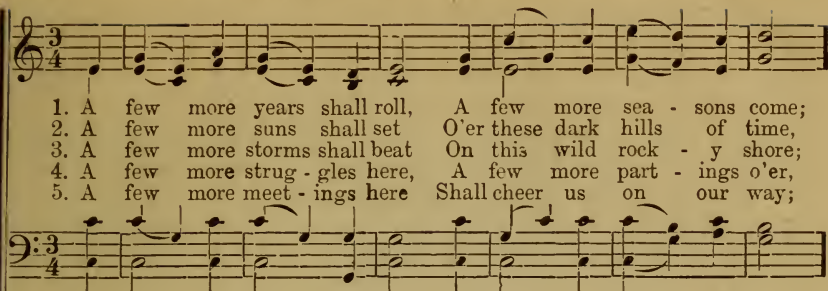
The spic - es yield their rich perfume, The lil - ies grow and thrive;
 In springs of wa - ter may a-bound, A fruit-ful soil be-come;
 Who taste the sweet-ness of his word, In Je - sus' ways go on;
 The gra - cious work is now be - gun, My soul a wit - ness is:
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies, And claim my man - sion there;



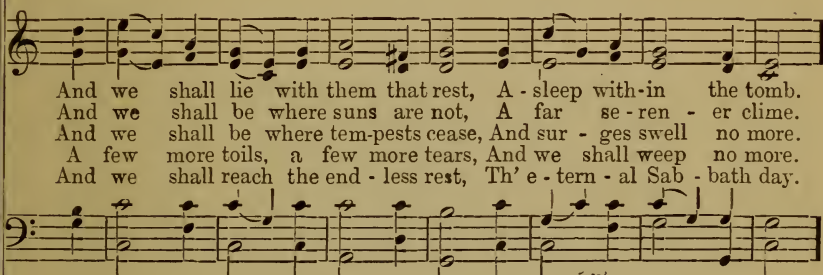
Re - fresh - ing showers of grace divine From Jesus flow to ev' - ry vine,
 The des - ert blossoms as the rose, While Jesus con-que's all his foes.
 Our troub - les and our tri - als here, Will on - ly make us rich - er there,
 I taste and see the pardon free For all man-kind as well as me,
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand, To meet you in that heav'nly land,



From Je - sus flow to ev - ry vine, Which make the dead re-vive.
 While Je - sus con-que's all his foes, And makes his peo - ple one.
 Will on - ly make us rich - er there When we ar-rive at home.
 For all man-kind as well as me, Who come to Christ may live.
 To meet you in that heav'nly land, Where we shall part no more.

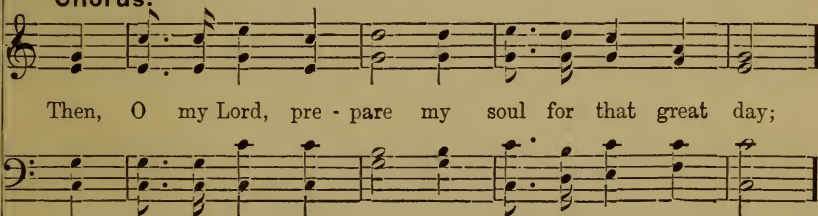


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come;
 2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
 3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore;
 4. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er,
 5. A few more meet - ings here Shall cheer us on our way;

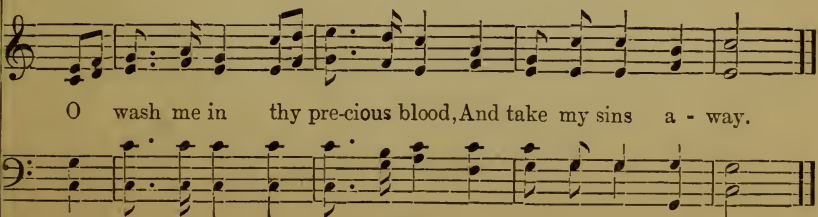


And we shall lie with them that rest, A - sleep with-in the tomb.
 And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime.
 And we shall be where tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more.
 A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
 And we shall reach the end - less rest, Th' e - tern - al Sab - bath day.

Chorus.



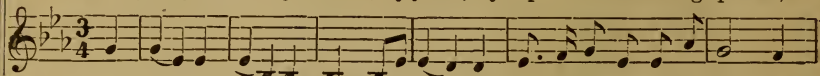
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare my soul for that great day;



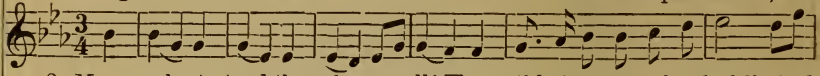
O wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Rather slow and in exact time.

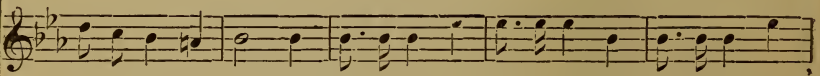
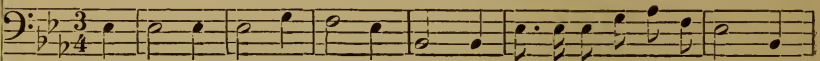
1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, A-



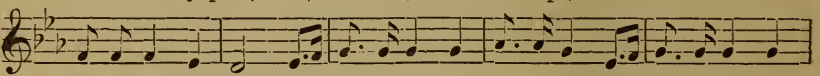
2. The grave is near the cradle seen: How swift the moments pass between, And



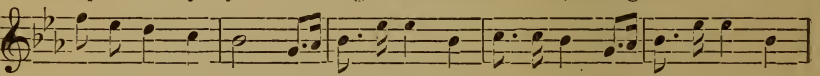
3. My soul, attend the solemn call! Thy earthly tent must shortly fall, And



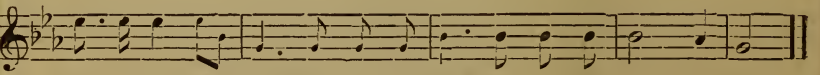
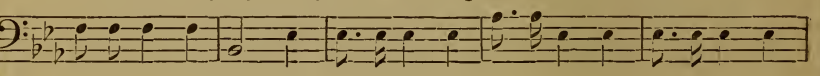
round the steady pole; Time, like a tide, its motion keeps, And I must launch thro'



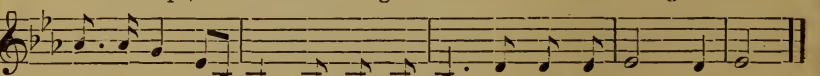
whisper as they fly: Unthinking man, remember this, Though fond of sub-lu-



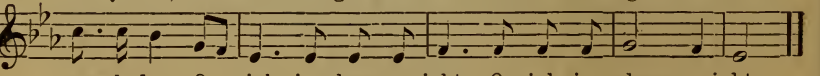
thou must take thy flight, Beyond the vast expansive blue, To sing a-bove, as



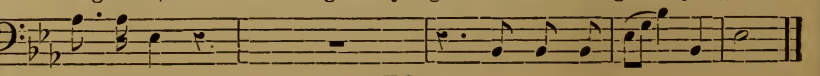
endless deeps, Where endless ages roll. Where end-less ages roll.



na-ry bliss, That thou must groan and die. That thou must groan and die.



an-gels do, Or sink in gloom-y night. Or sink in gloom-y night.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
 2. O, watch, and fight and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - tory won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

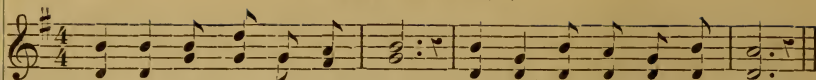
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine implore.
 Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

258

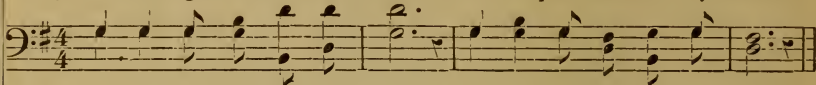
S. M.

1. How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.
2. How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
 He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.

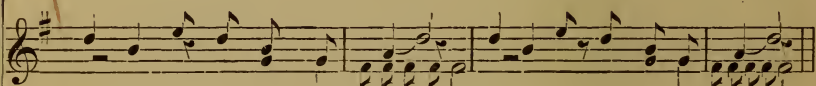
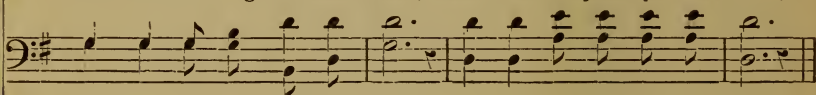
4. How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heav'nly light!
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad:
 Let all the nations now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.



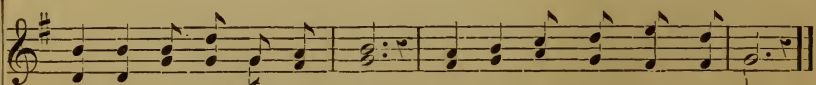
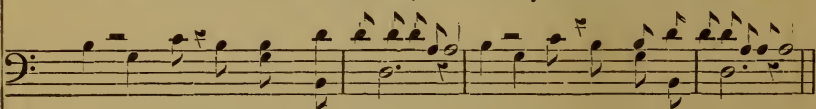
1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee;
 3 Thou, O, Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find;
 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sins—



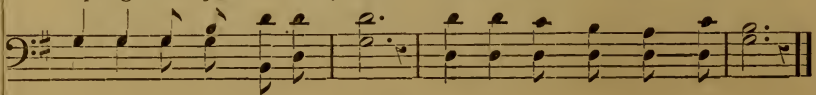
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me;
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in;

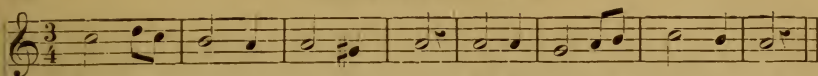


Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring,
 Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness.
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:

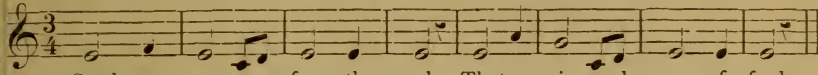


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last
 Co - ver my de - fence - less head With the shad - dow of thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

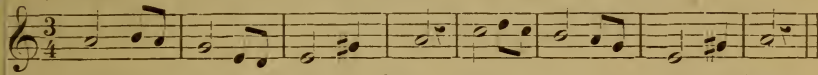




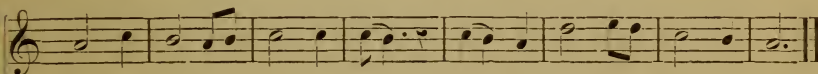
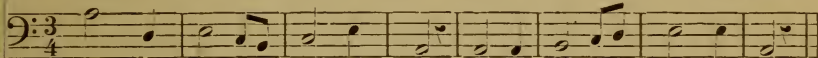
1 Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2 In thine own ap - poin - ted way, Now we seek thee, here we stay;



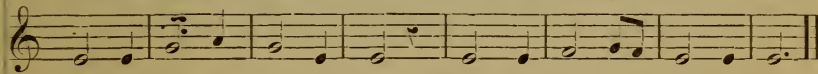
3 Send some mes - sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
4 Com - fort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy re - turn!



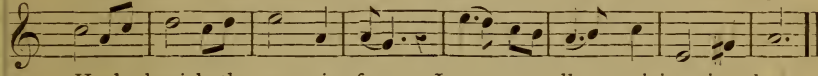
5 Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gra - cious God and kind:



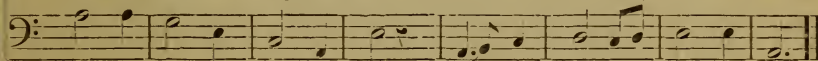
O! do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing thou be - stow,



Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
Those that are cast down, lift up, Make them strong in faith and hope!



Heal the sick, the cap - tive free. Let us . all re - joice in thee.



72

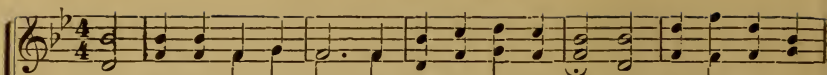
7's.

- 1 Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest:
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

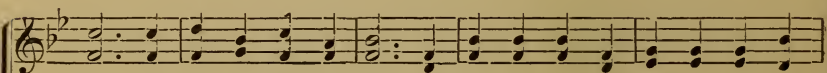
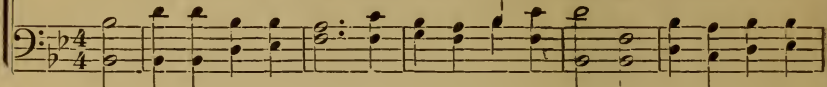
362

7's.

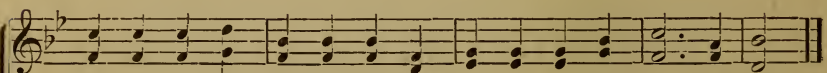
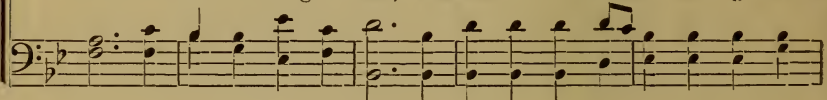
- 1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare.
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet,
- 4 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.



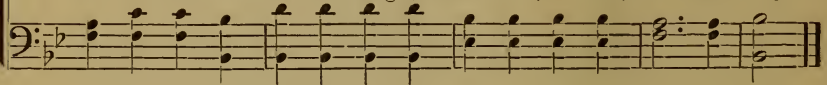
1. A-rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding sac-ri-
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in-ter-cede; With his redeeming
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Receiv'd on Calvary; They pour effect-u-al
4. The Father hears him pray, His dear annointed one; He can-not turn a-
5. To God I'm rec-on-cil'd, His pard'ning voice I hear, He owns me for his



- fic In my be - half appears; Be-fore the throne my Savior stands; Be-
 love His precious blood to plead; His blood was spilt for all our race, His
 pray'rs They strong-ly speak for me; Forgive him, O for-give, they cry, For-
 way The pres-ence of his Son; His Spir - it answers to the blood, His
 child. I can no long-er fear; With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, With



- fore the throne my Sav-ior stands. My name is writ-ten on his hands.
 blood was spilt for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 give him, O for-give, they cry, Nor let that ran-som'd sin-ner die!
 spir - it answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
 con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, And Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther! cry.



331

H. M.

1. Ye dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sent to you;
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
2. No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame;
 He bids you come to-day;
 Though poor, and blind, and lame;
 All things are ready; sinner, come;
 For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
3. Believe the heav'nly word
 His messengers proclaim;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name:
 Backsliding souls return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.
4. Compelled by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near.
 Christ calls you from above.
 His charming accents hear!
 Let whosoever will, now come;
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD.

(OPENING PIECE)

by permission

They that wait up - on the Lord shall re - new their strength Shall re - new

This system consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

their strength, They shall run and not be wea - ry they shall run and not

They shall etc. They shall etc.

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the treble staff. The lyrics are split across the two staves, with the second staff ending with 'They shall etc.' repeated twice.

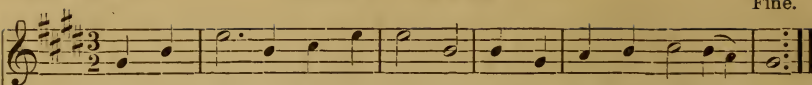
be wea - ry they shall walk and not faint, they shall walk and not faint,

This system continues the piece, maintaining the same musical structure. The lyrics 'be wea - ry they shall walk and not faint, they shall walk and not faint,' are written below the treble staff.

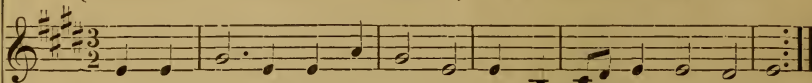
Wait on the Lord O wait on the Lord, Wait, wait O wait on the Lord.

This is the final system on the page, concluding the piece. The lyrics 'Wait on the Lord O wait on the Lord, Wait, wait O wait on the Lord.' are written below the treble staff.

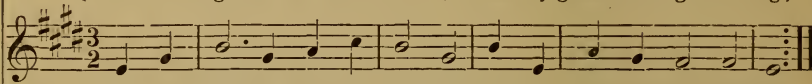
From Hill's Vocal Voluntaries No. 3, price 6 cts. per number.
Address H. Huck No. 8 Arcade Court Chicago.



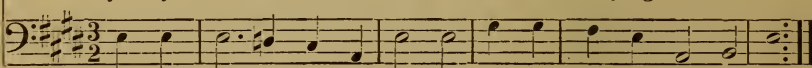
1 { Come, thou long-ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free,
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee !



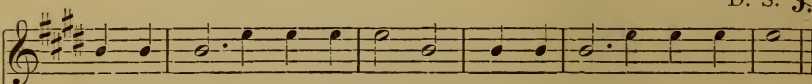
2 { Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now thy gra-cious kingdom bring ;



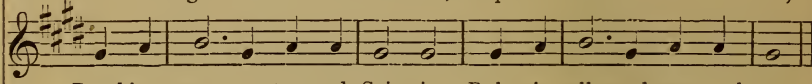
Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na-tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
By thy all - suf - ficient mer - it, Raise us to thy gloi-ous throne.



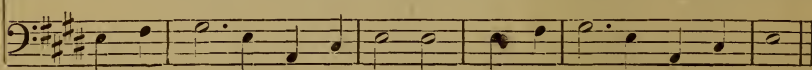
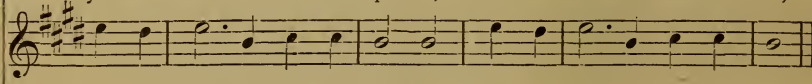
D. S.



Israel's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth thou art,



By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone ,



349

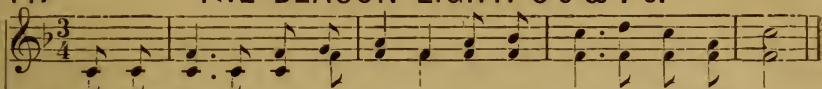
8's & 7's.

1 Hark ! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come !
Free salvation is proclaiming,
In and through God's own dear Son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb ;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

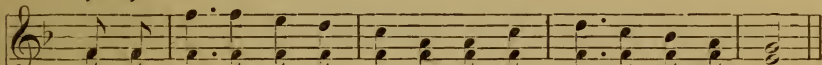
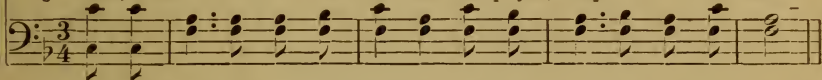
2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime ;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
Oh, receive it, now's your time ;

Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again ;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

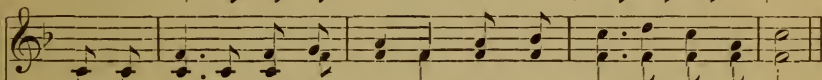
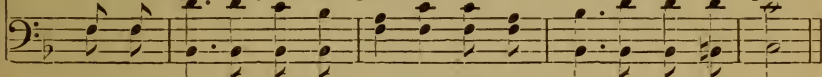
3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore :
May his boundless love constrain us,
His rich mercy to adore ;
O then, let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain ;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.



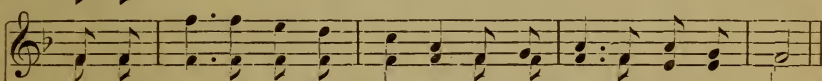
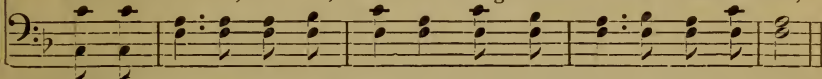
- 1 Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bo-som cheer!
 2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee, Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
 3 Yes, sweet Bi - ble! I will hide thee, Deep, yes, deep - er in this heart;



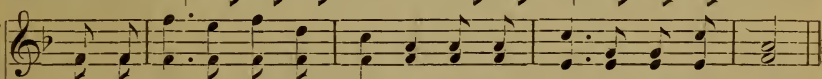
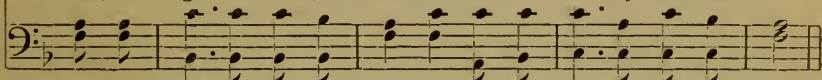
What hath earth like this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here!
 Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ev - er say'st, "Good cheer!"
 Thou, through all my life will guide me, And in death we will not part!



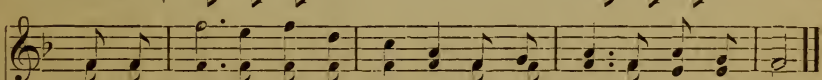
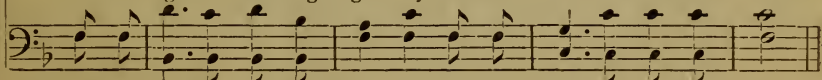
Man was lost and doom'd to sor-row: Not one ray of light or bliss
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings; Tell how far thy rov - ings led,
 Part in death! no, nev - er, nev - er! Through death's vale I'll lean on thee,



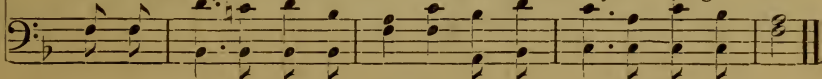
Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this!
 When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
 Then, in bright - er world, for ev - er, Sweet - er far thy truths shall be.

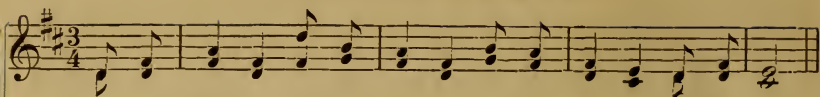


O the light is flash-ing bright - ly From a calm and stormless shore.

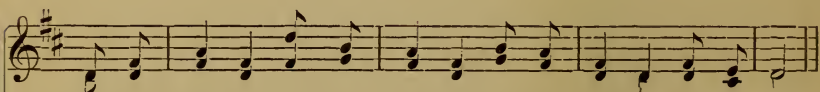
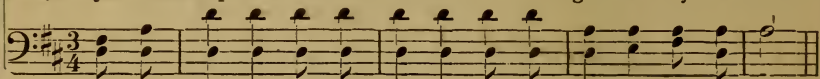


Where we hope to cast our an - chor When our voy - a - ging is o'er.

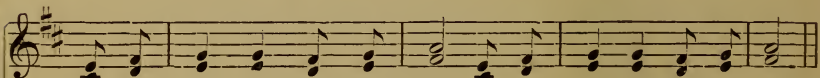
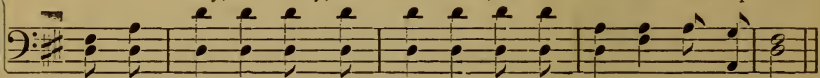




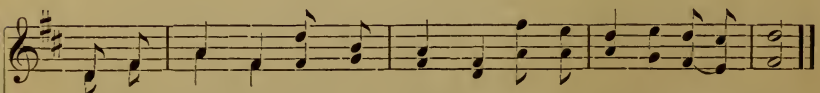
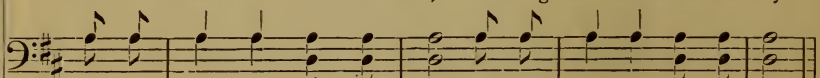
1 Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same,
 2 When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor-row roll,
 3 Je - sus wept, and still in glo-ry He can mark each mourner's tear;
 4 Je - sus wept! the tear of sorrow Is a leg - a - cy of love:—



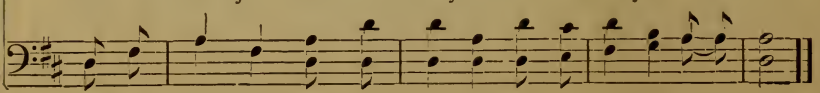
Kinsman, Friend, and El - der Broth - er, Is his ev - er - lasting name.
 I will lay my head on Je - sus—Pillow of the troubled soul.
 Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts he solaced here.
 Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same shall ev - er prove.



Sa - viour who can love like thee? Gra - cious one of Beth - an - y!
 Tru - ly, none can feel like thee, Weeping one of Beth - an - y!
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - an - y!
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing one of Beth - an - y!

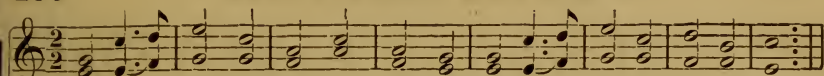


Kins-man, Friend, and El - der Broth - er, Is his ever - last-ing name.
 I will lay my head on Je - sus Pil-low of the troubled soul.
 Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts he solaced here.
 Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Amen.

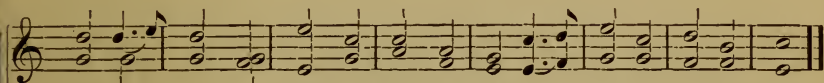
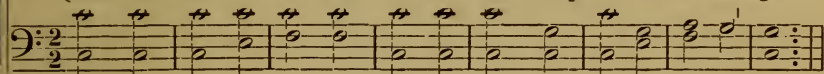


 Repeat the third and fourth line of poetry, or sing the Hallelujah.

HAPPY ZION. 8's 7's & 4.



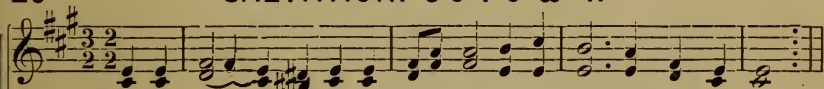
- 1 { Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed, Zi - on, kept by pow'r di-vine;
 { All her foes shall be con - founded, Though the world in arms combine :
 2 { Ev - ery hu - man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove :
 { Mothers cease their own to cher-ish Heaven and earth at last re-move;
 3 { In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 { But can nev-er cease to love thee: Thou art precious in his sight:



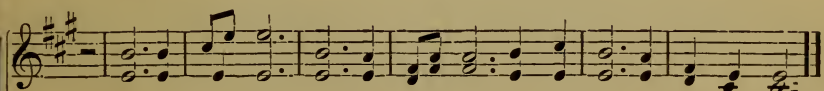
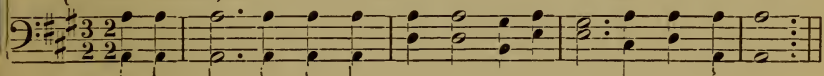
Hap - py Zi - on, Hap - py Zi - on What a favor'd lot is thine!
 But no chan-ges, But no chan-ges, Can at - tend Jehovah's love.
 God is with thee, God is with thee, God, thine ever - last - ing light.



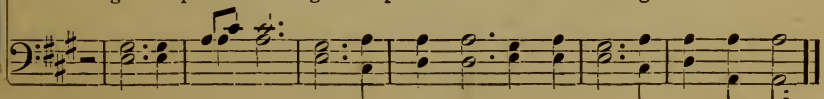
SALVATION. 8's 7's & 4.

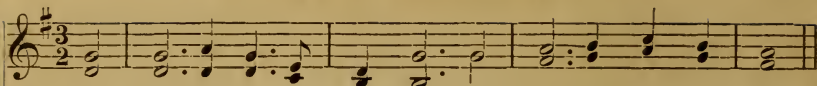


- 1 { Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah! Pilgrim through this bar-ren land;
 { I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 2 { O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow;
 { Let the fi - ery clou - dy pil - lar Lead me all my journey through:
 3 { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side:
 { Death of death, and hell's destruction! Land me safe on Canaan's side:

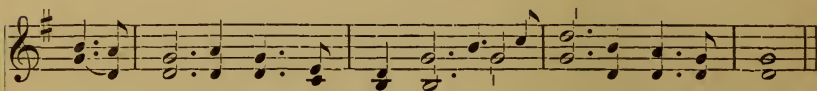
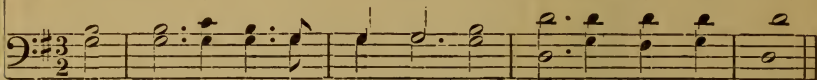


Bread of hea - ven! Bread of hea - ven Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong de - liv - 'rer! Strong de - liv'r - er Be thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais - es Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

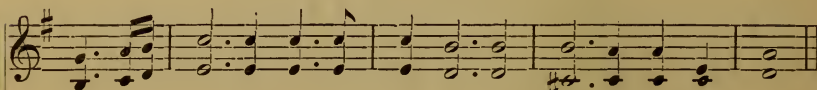
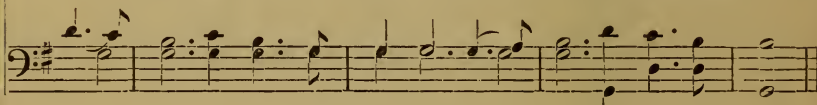




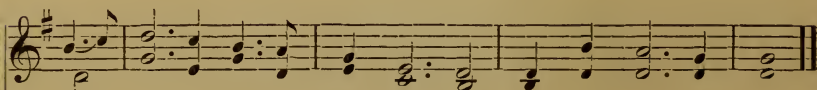
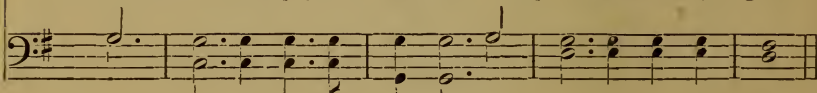
1 How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole!
 2 Of men great skill pos - sess - ing I thought a cure to gain,
 3 At length this great phy - si - cian—How matchless is his pow'r—
 4 A bleed - ing dy - ing Je - sus, Seen by an eye of faith,



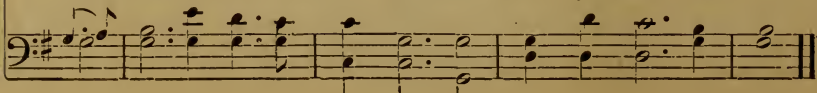
There is but one phy - si - cian Can cure a sin - sick soul:
 But that prov'd more dis - tress - ing, And add - ed to my pain:
 Ac - cept - ed my pe - ti - tion, And un - der - took my case:
 At once from sin it frees us, And saves our souls from death.

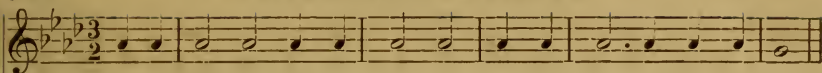


Next door to death he found me, And pluck'd me from the grave,
 Some said that noth - ing ail'd me, Some gave me up for lost;
 First gave me sight to view him, For sin my sight had seal'd,
 Come, then, to this phy - si - cian, His help he'll free - ly give;

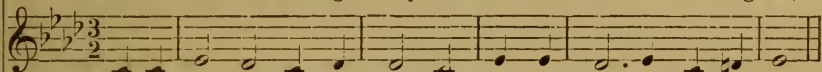


To tell to all a - round me His won - drous pow'r to save.
 Thus ev - ery ref - uge fail'd me, And all my hopes were cross'd.
 Then bid me look un - to him, I look'd and I was heal'd.
 He makes no hard con - di - tion, 'Tis on - ly—Look and live.

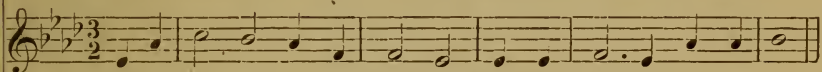




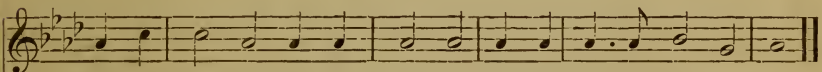
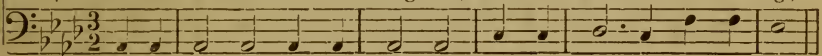
- 1 Lord, a lit - tle band, and low - ly, We are come to sing to thee;
 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heaven where he is gone;



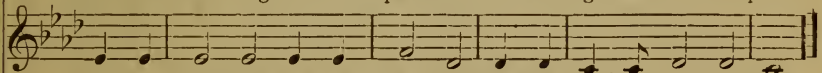
- 3 For we know the Lord of glory Always sees what children do,



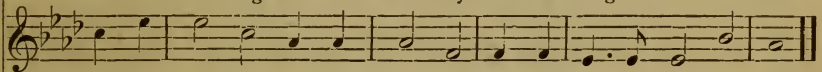
- 4 Let our sins be all for-given; Make us fear whate'er is wrong;



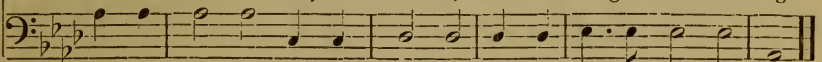
Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly, O how sol - emn should we be!
 And let noth - ing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up-on.



And is writ - ing now the sto - ry Of our thoughts and actions too.



Lead us on our way to hea - ven, There to sing a nobler song.



706

8's & 7's.

- 1 Silently the shades of evening
 Gather round my lowly door;
 Silently they bring before me
 Faces I shall see no more.
 2 O! the lost, the unforgotten,
 Though the world be oft forgot;
 O! the shrouded and the lonely—
 In our hearts they perish not.
 3 Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend,
 They, unlin'd with earthly trouble,
 We, still hoping for its end.
 4 How such holy mem'ries cluster.
 Like the stars when storms are past;
 Pointing up to that far heaven
 We may hope to gain at last.

740

8's & 7's.

- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!
 Bless a little child to-night;
 Through the darkness be thou near me
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

- 2 All this day thy hand shall lead me,
 And I thank thee for thy care;
 Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me
 Listen to my evening pray'r.
 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heav'n,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

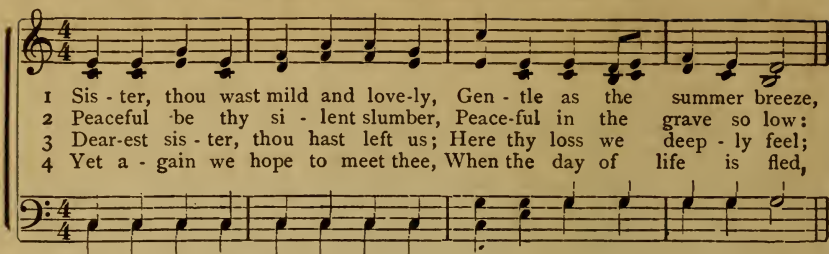
312

8's & 7's.

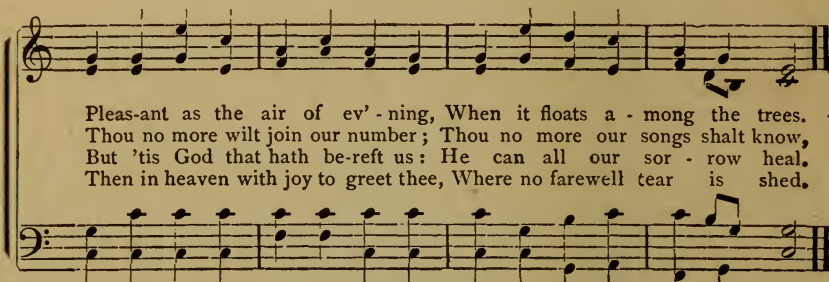
- 1 From the table now retiring,
 Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 May our souls refreshment finding,
 Grow in all things like our Head.
 2 His example by beholding,
 May our lives his image bear;
 Him our Lord and Master calling,
 His commands may we revere.
 3 Love to God and man displaying,
 Walking steadfast in his way,
 Joy attend us in believing,
 Peace from God through endless day.

611 *Slow and soft*

MOUNT VERNON. 8's & 7's.



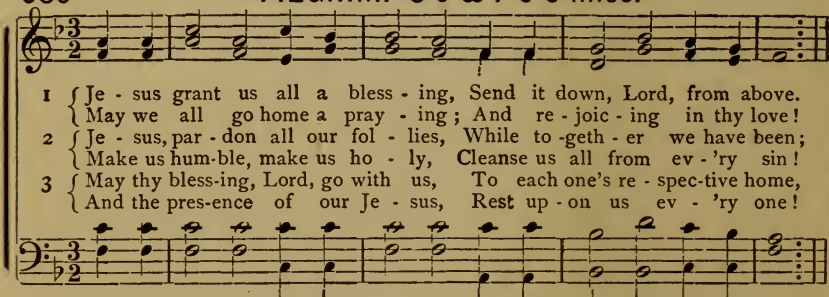
1 Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze,
 2 Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peace-ful in the grave so low;
 3 Dear-est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;
 4 Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled,



Pleas-ant as the air of ev' - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know,
 But 'tis God that hath be-reft us: He can all our sor - row heal.
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

689

PILGRIM. 8's & 7's 6 lines.



1 { Je - sus grant us all a bless - ing, Send it down, Lord, from above.
 { May we all go home a pray - ing; And re - joic - ing in thy love!
 2 { Je - sus, par - don all our fol - lies, While to - geth - er we have been;
 { Make us hum - ble, make us ho - ly, Cleanse us all from ev - 'ry sin!
 3 { May thy bless - ing, Lord, go with us, To each one's re - spec - tive home,
 { And the pres - ence of our Je - sus, Rest up - on us ev - 'ry one!



Farewell brethren, farewell sis - ters, Till we all shall meet a - bove.
 Farewell brethren, farewell sis - ters, Till we all shall meet a - gain.
 Farewell brethren, farewell sis - ters, Till we all shall meet at home.

1 { On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands:
2 { Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears un - mov'd?

Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands
Mourning captive God himself will loose thy bands.
Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well-belov'd, Cease thy mourning Zion still is well-belov'd

- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end,
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.
4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

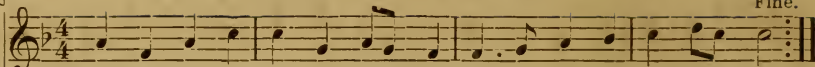
287 8's 7's & 4.

- 1 To the flowing stream of Jordan
Lo! the King of Zion came;
There the ancient Baptist waited,
To immerse the spotless Lamb:
They desecended
To the Saviour's wat'ry tomb.
2 Thus baptiz'd, the great Redeemer
Show'd the way his saints should tread,
And, when rising from the water,
God approv'd and blest the deed,
And the Spirit
Rested on his sacred head!
3 Come, then, ye who love the Saviour,
Fear not now to own your Lord,
Joyful tho' the world should scorn you,
Follow Christ, obey his word:
He'll defend you—
Fear ye not to follow him!
4 Hear the Saviour saying to you,
From his glorious throne above—
Ye who trust in me for pardon,
By obedience show your love
Be baptized,
My example shows the way.

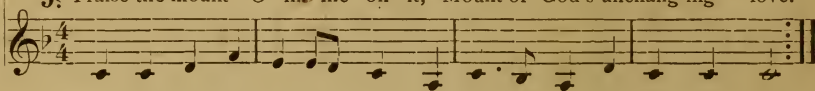
- 5 Lord, our heart incline to follow
In the way which thou didst tread;
We will turn from ev'ry other,
While thy sacred word we read:
O, Redeemer!
Gladly now we'll follow thee.

314 8's 7's & 4.

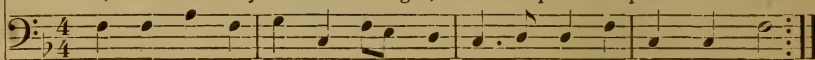
- 1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the earth asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessing without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints the dying words record.
3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd all that God had promis'd
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!
Christ has borne the heavy load.
5 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name—
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



{ 1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchang-ing love.

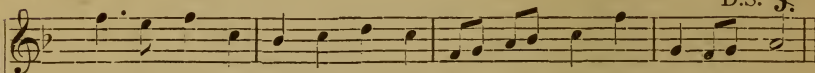


{ 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm come:
And I hope by thy good pleasure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
He, to save my soul from danger, In - ter - posed his prec - ious blood.

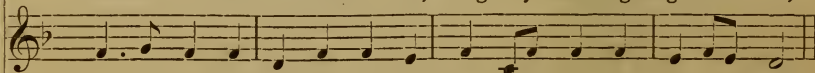


{ 3 O, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it: Seal it from thy courts a - bove.

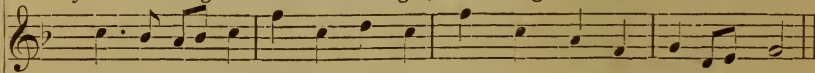
D.S.



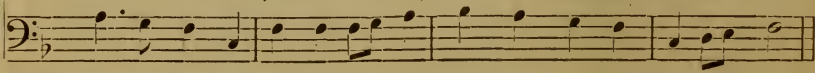
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;



Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God:



Prone to wan - der, Lord I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love:



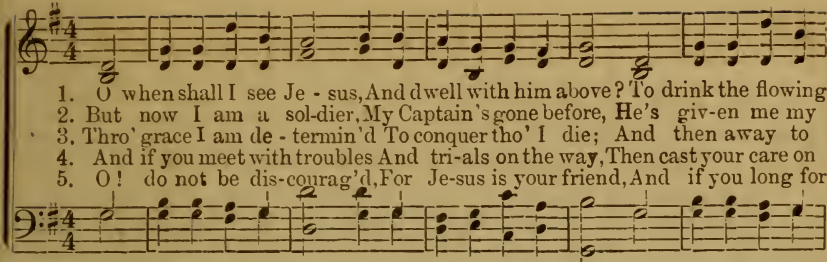
427 8's. Tune on opposite Page.

1 Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine:
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

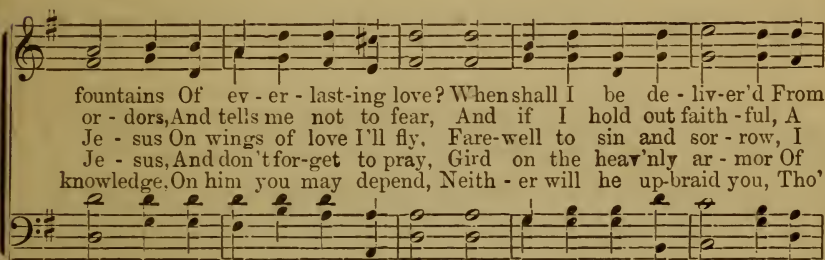
2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on the crucified Lord;

Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit in Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

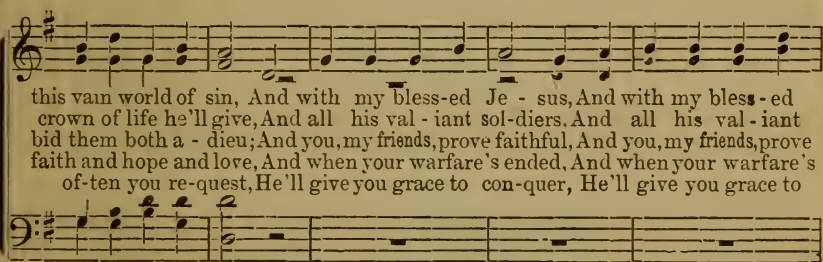
3 'Tis there, with the lambs of the flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thine heart.



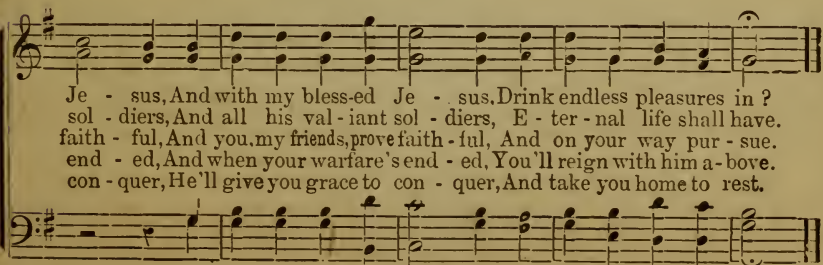
1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him above? To drink the flowing
 2. But now I am a sol-dier, My Captain's gone before, He's giv-en me my
 3. Thro' grace I am de - termin'd To conquer tho' I die; And then away to
 4. And if you meet with troubles And tri-als on the way, Then cast your care on
 5. O! do not be dis-courag'd, For Je-sus is your friend, And if you long for



fountains Of ev - er - last-ing love? When shall I be de - liv-er'd From
 or - dors, And tells me not to fear, And if I hold out faith - ful, A
 Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly. Fare-well to sin and sor - row, I
 Je - sus, And don't for-get to pray, Gird on the heav'nly ar - mor Of
 knowledge, On him you may depend, Neith - er will he up-braid you, Tho'



this van world of sin, And with my bless-ed Je - sus, And with my bless-ed
 crown of life he'll give, And all his val - iant sol-diers. And all his val - iant
 bid them both a - dieu; And you, my friends, prove faithful, And you, my friends, prove
 faith and hope and love, And when your warfare's ended, And when your warfare's
 of-ten you re-quest, He'll give you grace to con-quer, He'll give you grace to



Je - sus, And with my bless-ed Je - sus, Drink endless pleasures in?
 sol - diers, And all his val - iant sol - diers, E - ter - nal life shall have.
 faith - ful, And you, my friends, prove faith - ful, And on your way pur - sue.
 end - ed, And when your warfare's end - ed, You'll reign with him a - bove.
 con - quer, He'll give you grace to con - quer, And take you home to rest.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so
 2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Its walls deck'd with

3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp -
 4. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the
 5. O, Lord, amidst glad - ness or woe, For heav - en our

bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed, But
 jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and pleasures un - told, But

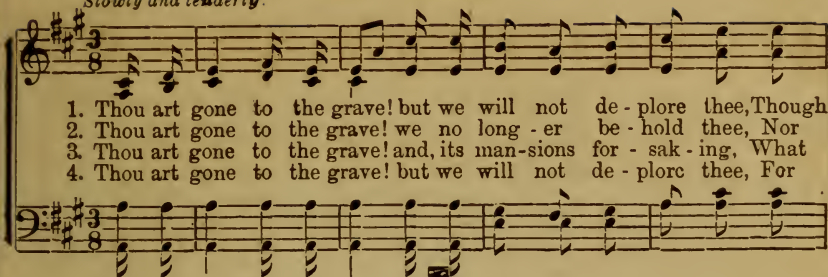
ta - tion and care; From tri - als with - out and with - in, But

glo - ri - fied wear, The church of the first - born a - bove, But
 spir - its pre - pare, And short - ly we al - so shall know, And

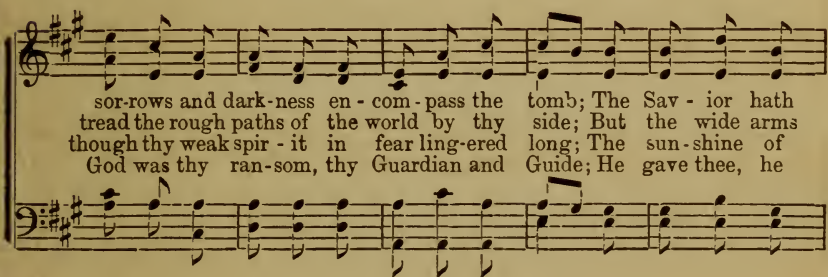
what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.
 what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.

what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.
 what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.

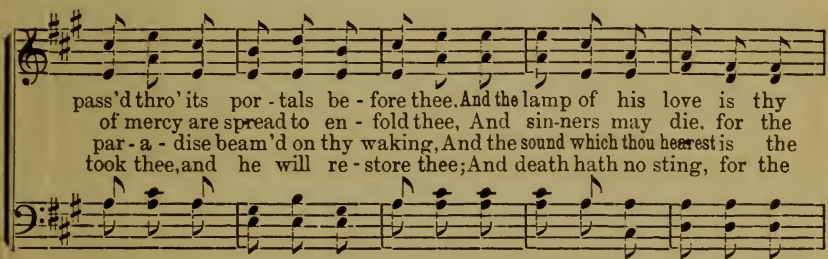
what must it be to be there. But what must it be to be there.
 feel what it is to be there. And feel what it is to be there.

Slowly and tenderly.


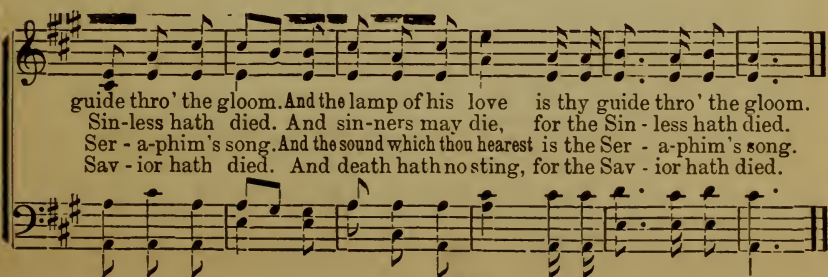
1. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, Though
 2. Thou art gone to the grave! we no long - er be - hold thee, Nor
 3. Thou art gone to the grave! and, its man - sions for - sak - ing, What
 4. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, For



sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb; The Sav - ior hath
 tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms
 though thy weak spir - it in fear ling - ered long; The sun - shine of
 God was thy ran - som, thy Guardian and Guide; He gave thee, he



pass'd thro' its por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy
 of mercy are spread to en - fold thee, And sin - ners may die, for the
 par - a - dise beam'd on thy waking, And the sound which thou hearest is the
 took thee, and he will re - store thee; And death hath no sting, for the



guide thro' the gloom. And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
 Sin - less hath died. And sin - ners may die, for the Sin - less hath died.
 Ser - a - phim's song. And the sound which thou hearest is the Ser - a - phim's song.
 Sav - ior hath died. And death hath no sting, for the Sav - ior hath died.

1. Go thou in life's fair morn-ing, Go, in the bloom of youth, And seek for thine a-
 2. Go, while the day-star shin-eth, Go, while thy heart is light, Go, ere thy strength de-
 3. Go, ere the cloud of sor-row Steals o'er thy bloom of youth; De-fer not till to-

dorn-ing The pre-cious pearl of truth. Se - cure the heavn-'ly treas-ure, And
 clin - eth, While ev-'ry sense is bright: Sell all thou hast and buy it; 'Tis
 mor-row; Go now, and buy the truth. Go, seek thy great Cre - a - tor, Learn

bind it on thy heart; And let no earth-ly pleas-ure, E'er cause it to de-part.
 worth all earth-ly things Ru-bies, and gold, and dia-monds Scepters and crowns of kings.
 ear - ly to be wise; Go, place up-on the al-tar A morn - ing sac-ri-fice.

125

7s & 6s.

1. O, when the tear is gushing
 From sorrow's faded eye,
 When gathering storms are rushing
 Across the gloomy sky,
 When the full heart is breaking,
 And hope is far away,
 How sweet, the world forsaking,
 Alone with God, to pray!
2. The mourner, lowly bending,
 Flies to the saviour's feet,
 And healing balm, descending
 From Mercy's holy seat,

The joy, that earth gives never,
 Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
 And peace that lasts forever,
 Lulls every care to rest.

3. O, weary child of sadness,
 Pilgrim bereft and lone,
 Behold the fount of gladness,
 Springing from heavn's throne;
 Each want and sin confessing,
 On Christ thy burden lay,
 And learn how rich the blessing.
 Alone with God to pray!

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
 3. E'en down to old age, all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
 4. The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd, for-re-pose I will not, I

faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
 vale, or bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the
 ter-nal un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not, de-sert to its foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

you he hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 land, on the sea, As thy day may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er, for-sake!

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.
2. I would not live alway, if fetter'd by sin—
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 And th' rapture of pard'n be mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
3. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
4. Who, who would not live alway away from his God
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
5. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And th' smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1. Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee..... E'en though it

2. Though like the wan-der-er, Day - light all gone... Dark - ness be

3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou

The first system of the musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves have a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my songs shall be

o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be

send - est me, In mercy giv'n, An - gels to beck - on me

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves have a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

The third system of the musical score is a repeat of the previous system. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves have a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

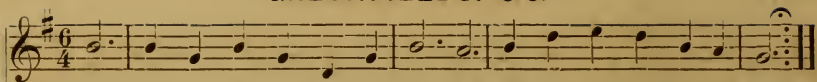
With tender expression.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
 2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
 3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Savior; May we all

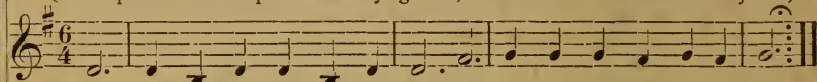
wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe
 friend - ship glow Change - less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
 there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er, Where kindred spir - its dwell, There

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!
 bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never!
 may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Never, no, never!

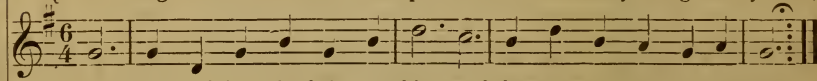
GREENFIELDS. 8's.



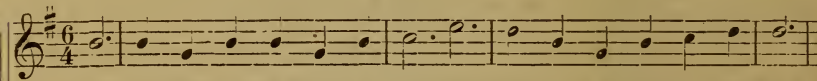
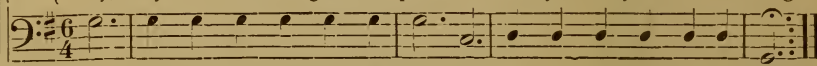
- 1 { How te - dious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers Have all lost their sweetness to me
2 { His name yields the sweetest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice :
His pre - sence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice ;



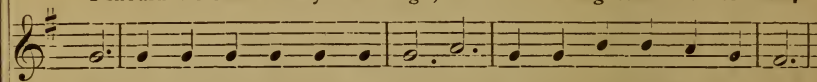
- 3 { Con - tent with be - hold - ing his face, My all to his pleas - ure re - sign'd
No chang - es of sea - son or place Would make any change in my mind,



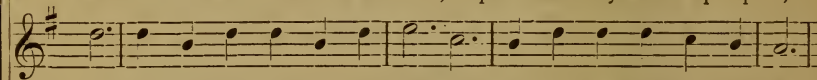
- 4 { Dear Lord, if in - deed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I lan - guish or pine, And why are my win - ters so long ?



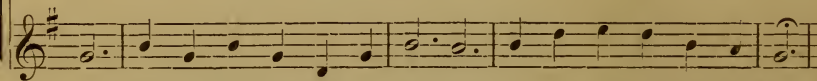
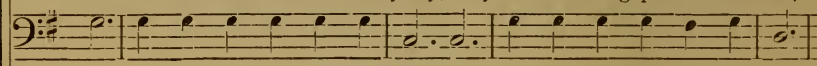
The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay :
I should were he 'al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear ;



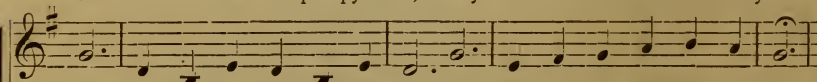
While bless'd with a sense of his love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear,



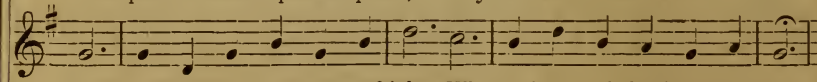
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;



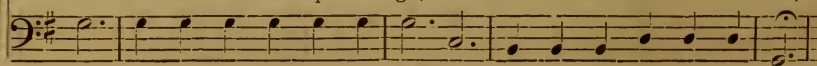
But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.
No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.

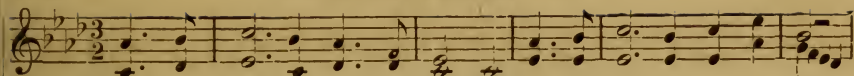


And pris - ons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

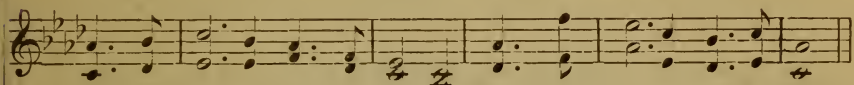
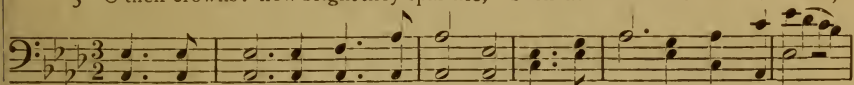


Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more,

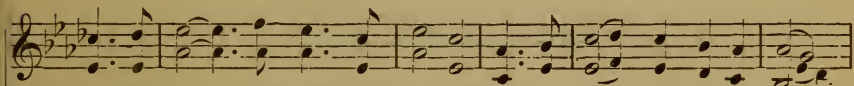
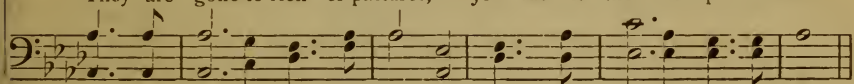




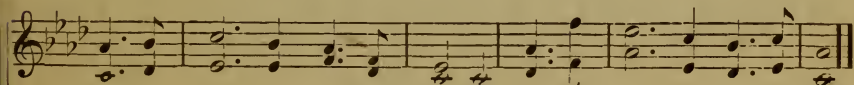
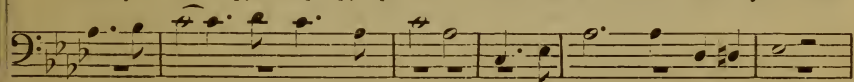
- 1 Dark and thorn - y is the des - ert, Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
 2 O young pil - grims, are you wear - y Of the roughness of the way?
 3 He whose thunder shakes cre - a - tion, He who bids the plan - ets roll,
 4 There on flow'ry hills of plea - sure, Lie the fields of end - less rest:
 5 O their crowns! how bright they spar - kle, Such as mon - archs nev - er wore,



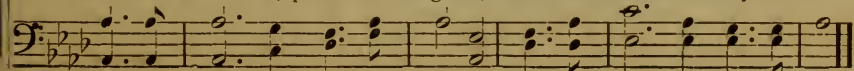
Yet be - yond this vale of sor - row, Lie the fields of end - less day.
 Does your strength be - gin to fail you, And your vig - or to de - cay?
 He who rides up - on the tem - pest, And whose scept - re sways the whole;
 Love and joy and peace for ev - er, Reign and tri - umph in your breast;
 They are gone to rich - er pastures, Je - sus is their Shep - herd there.



Fiends loud howl - ing through the des - ert, Make them trem - ble as they go;
 Je - sus, Je - sus will go with you, He will lead you to his throne;
 Round him are ten thou - sand angels Read - y to o - bey com - mand,
 Who can paint the scenes of glo - ry, Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
 Hail ye hap - py, hap - py spir - its, Death no more shall make you fear,



And the fi - ry darts of Sa - tan Of - ten bring their cour - age low.
 He who dy'd his gar - ments for you, And the wine - press trod a - lone.
 They are al - ways hov'ring round you, Till you reach the heav'nly land.
 There on gold - en harps for ev - er, Sound redemption through the sky.
 Grief nor sor - row, pain nor an - guish, Shall no more dis - tress you there.



HUNTER 8's.

1 This God is the God we a - dore, Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;

2 'Tis Je - sus the first and the last, Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.

The musical score for 'HUNTER 8's' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. It consists of two systems, each with four staves (treble and bass clef). The first system contains two verses of lyrics. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with many whole and half notes. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

Whose love is as large as his pow'r, And neither knows measure nor end.

We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

This system continues the musical score for 'HUNTER 8's' with two more verses of lyrics. The musical notation remains consistent with the previous system, featuring a simple melody and a supporting bass line.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Tenderly.

(Funeral Dirge.)

H.

1. Je - sus while our hearts are bleed - ing, O'er the spoils which death hath won,
 2. Tho' cast down we're not for - sak - en, Though af - fict - ed not a - lone;
 3. By thy hands the boon was giv - en, Thou hast tak - en but thine own;

We would at this sol - emn meet - ing Cam - ly say thy will be done.
 Thou didst give, and thou hast tak - en: Bless - ed Lord—thy will be done,
 Lord of earth, and God of hea - ven, Ev - er - more—thy will be done!

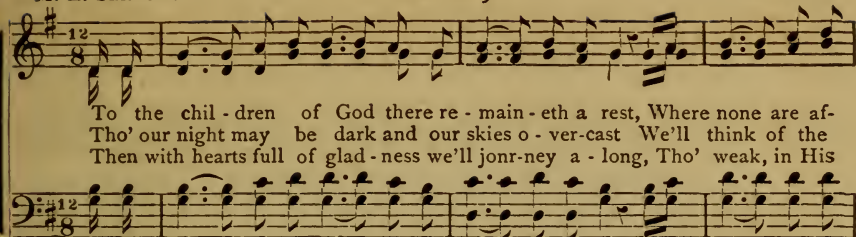
The musical score for 'THY WILL BE DONE.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems, each with four staves. The first system contains three verses of lyrics. The melody is more somber and reflective than the first piece, with a slower tempo indicated by the 'Tenderly' marking. The bass line is more active, often moving in half notes.

CHILDREN OF GOD.

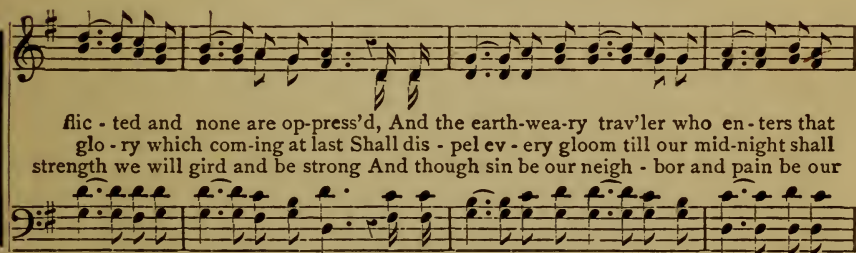
M. E. SERVÖSS.

Heb. iv. 9.

P. W. HILL.

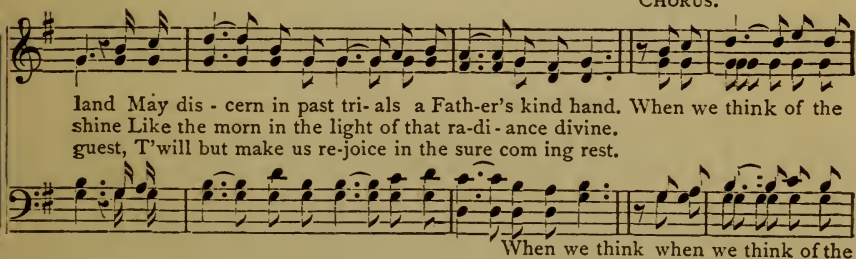


To the chil - dren of God there re - main - eth a rest, Where none are af -
Tho' our night may be dark and our skies o - ver - cast We'll think of the
Then with hearts full of glad - ness we'll jonr - ney a - long, Tho' weak, in His



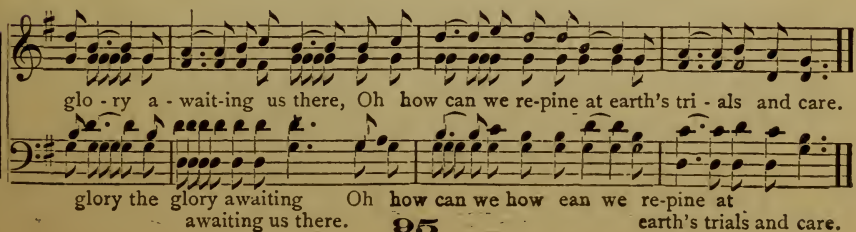
fic - ted and none are op - press'd, And the earth - wea - ry trav'ler who en - ters that
glo - ry which com - ing at last Shall dis - pel ev - ery gloom till our mid - night shall
strength we will gird and be strong And though sin be our neigh - bor and pain be our

CHORUS.



land May dis - cern in past tri - als a Fath - er's kind hand, When we think of the
shine Like the morn in the light of that ra - di - ance divine.
guest, T'will but make us re - joice in the sure com ing rest.

When we think when we think of the

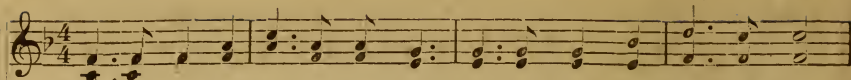


glo - ry a - wait - ing us there, Oh how can we re - pine at earth's tri - als and care.
glory the glory awaiting Oh how can we how can we re - pine at
awaiting us there. earth's trials and care.

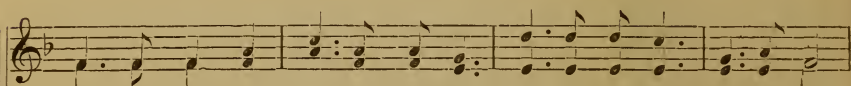
THEY ARE WATCHING.

M. E. SERVOS.

H.

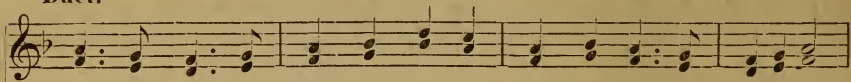


1 Like the lil - y of the val - ley, In their beau - ty pure and sweet,
2 Eyes of loved ones watch - ing o'er us, Si - lent - ly their vig - ils keep,
3 Oh the glo - ry of that meet - ing! Ev - 'ry heart in sweet ac - cord,

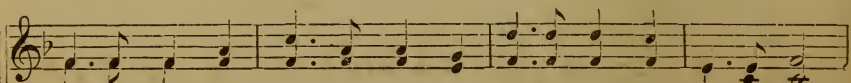


Are the loved ones who are wait - ing For the com - ing of our feet,
See - ing all the joy be - fore us, While o'er pres - ent pain we weep,
And all earth - ly pain for - got - ten In the pres - ence of the Lord

Duet.

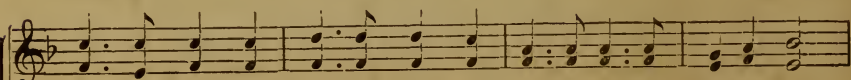


And my heart is thrilled with rap - ture, When I think that an - y day.
Know - ing that if we keep trust - ing Through the dark and drear - y night
Lift your heads, O wea - ry trav - 'lers, Look be - yond this rug - ged way



I may clasp the hands of dear ones, Just a - cross the si - lent way.
There shall be a glo - rious dawn - ing In the land of fade - less light.
And for - get your toil and an - guish In the thought of that great day.

CHORUS.



They are watch - ing, they are wait - ing Till up to the realms a - bove

They are Watching, Concluded.

We are borne on snow - y pin - ions, Of the mes - sen - gers of love.

SONG OF PEACE. (Christmas Song)

M. E. SERVOS.

H, by per.

1. Peace on earth the an-gels sang, And Beth-lehem's plains with mu-sic rang, While
2. Peace on earth the chil-dren sang, And Christmas bells with glad-ness rang, While
3. Peace on earth the Lord doth bring, Fit theme for an - gel tongues to sing, Let
4. Peace on earth, oh let the song, As - cend from all earth's high-ty throng, Till

Duet.

Ju-dah's hill caught up the strain, And told it o'er and o'er a-gain. Peace on earth far and near o'er hill and plain, We hear the glo-rious words a-gain. ev-ery voice take up the strain, And sing the joy-ous words a-gain. an-gels sing an - oth-er strain, Pro-claim-ing He hath come to reign.

Inst.

CHORUS.

peace on earth, Peace on earth good will to men, Peace on earth good will to men, good

peace on earth

will to men, peace on earth good will good will to men, peace on earth good will to men.

good will

good will good will to men

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

"In the Lord put I my trust." Ps. II. 1.

H.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - ery day, Trust - ing thro' a stor - my way
 2. Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by
 3. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past.

Trust - ing when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.
 Trust - ing him what e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.
 Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.

CHORUS.

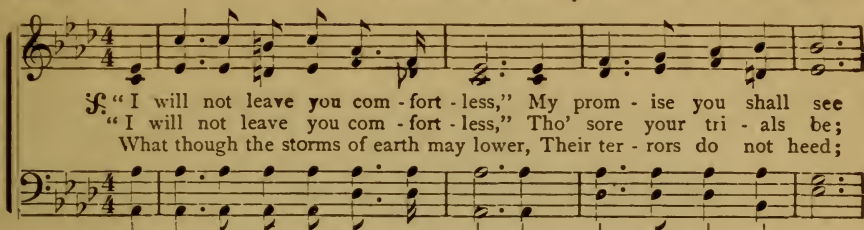
Trust - ing Je - sus trust - ing Je - sus, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all,
 Trust-ing Je-sus

To His pro - mis - es I'll cling, Trust - ing Je - sus that is all.

I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS.

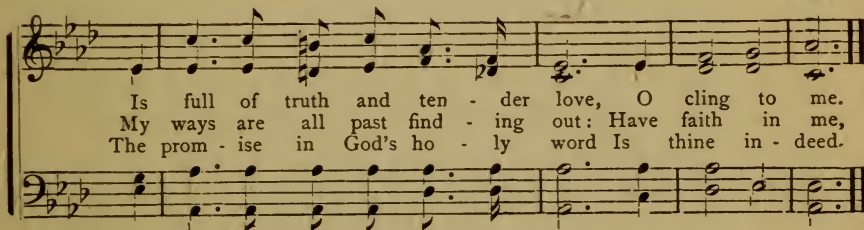
For Funerals.

Words and Music by MRS. GEO. CLINTON SMITH



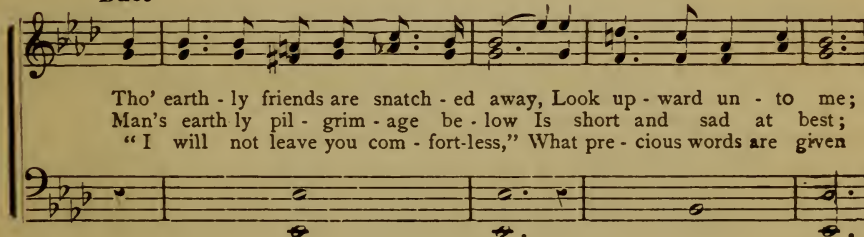
♩ "I will not leave you com - fort - less," My prom - ise you shall see
 "I will not leave you com - fort - less," Tho' sore your tri - als be;
 What though the storms of earth may lower, Their ter - rors do not heed;

Fine.



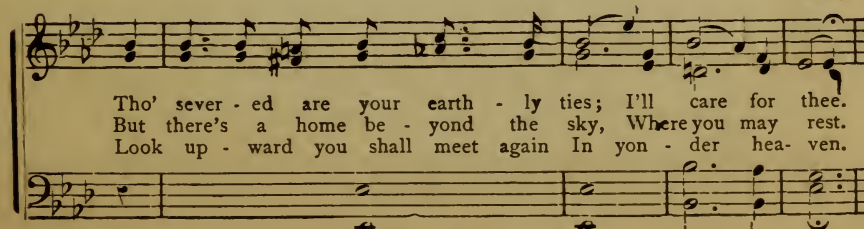
Is full of truth and ten - der love, O cling to me.
 My ways are all past find - ing out: Have faith in me,
 The prom - ise in God's ho - ly word Is thine in - deed.

Duet



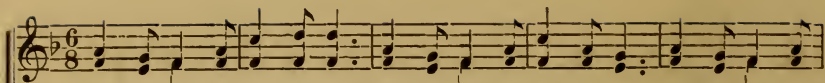
Tho' earth - ly friends are snatch - ed away, Look up - ward un - to me;
 Man's earth - ly pil - grim - age be - low Is short and sad at best;
 "I will not leave you com - fort-less," What pre - cious words are given

D.C.

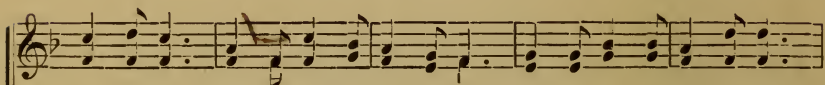
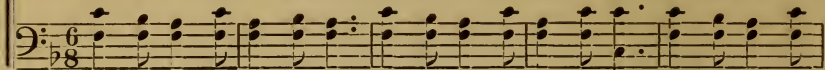


Tho' sever - ed are your earth - ly ties; I'll care for thee.
 But there's a home be - yond the sky, Where you may rest.
 Look up - ward you shall meet again In yon - der hea - ven.

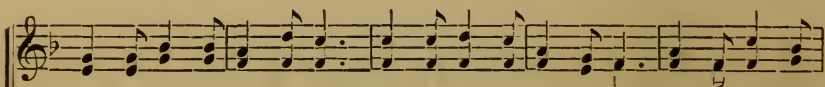
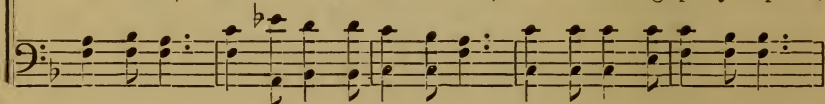
COME HOME. 7s.



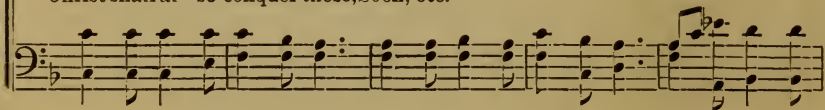
1. Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear, Foes we have but
2. In the way a thousand snares, Lie to take us un - awares, Sa - tan with ma-
3. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mislead our feet, Nor be-tray us



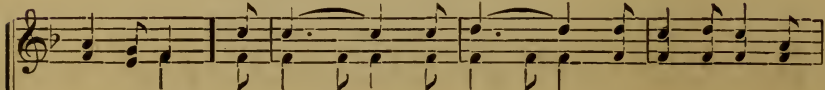
we've a friend, One that loves us to the end; Forward, then, with courage go,
lic - ious art, Watches each unguarded heart, But from Satan's mal-ice free,
in - to sin, Like the foes that dwell within, Yet let nothing spoil your peace,



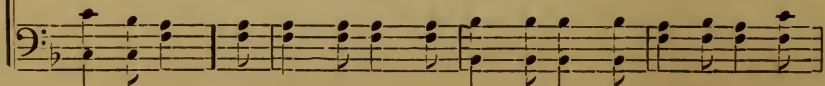
Long we shall not dwell below, Soon the joy-ful news will come, Child, your father
Saints shall soon in glo - ry be, Soon, etc.
Christ shall al - so conquer these, Soon, etc.



Come home..... come home.....



calls, Come home, Come home, come home, come home, come home, Thy fath-er calls, come



COME HOME--Concluded.

home..... come home.... come home....

home, come home, come home, come home, come home, come home, Thy father calls, Come home.

The musical score for 'Come Home--Concluded.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The bass line is primarily composed of chords, mostly triads and dyads, providing harmonic support to the melody.

OVER THERE.

1. I can see be-yond the riv - er, O - ver Jor-dan's dash-ing tide,
 2. O - ver there is no more weeping, O - ver there all pain is o'er,
 3. O - ver there is no more sin - ning, O - ver there are sun - ny skies,
 4. O - ver there I'll find my treas - ure, Jew - els lost long, long a - go,
 5. O - ver there are all im - mor - tal, O - ver there is no more night,
 6. Will you go, dear sin - uer, with me, Where the Lamb will ev - er reign,

The musical score for 'Over There.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes. The bass line consists of chords, mostly triads and dyads, providing harmonic support to the melody.

There I'll be with Christ for-ev - er, Close to his sa - cred side.
 I shall rest in Je - sus' keep-ing, And droop and die no more.
 Crowns of fade - less beau - ty win - ning, And flowers of Par - a - dise.
 Love and bliss in full - est measure, There my sad heart shall know.
 And the Cit - y's pearl - y port - als Is now al - most in sight.
 Where the lov'd of earth shall greet thee, And nev - er part a - gain.

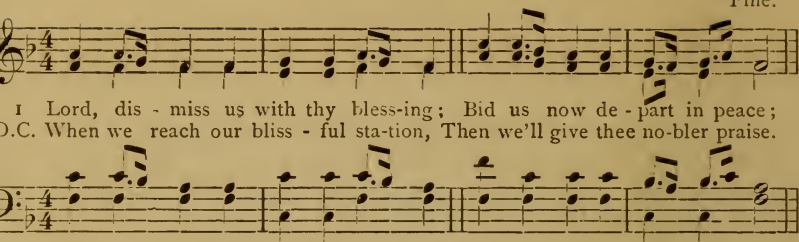
The musical score for 'Over There.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes. The bass line consists of chords, mostly triads and dyads, providing harmonic support to the melody.

O - ver there, o - ver there; Just o - ver there.

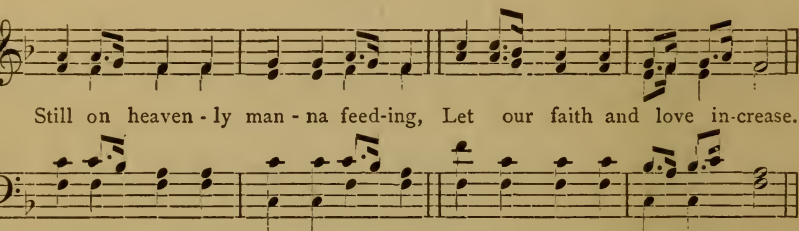
The musical score for 'Over There.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes. The bass line consists of chords, mostly triads and dyads, providing harmonic support to the melody.

GREENVILLE. P. M.

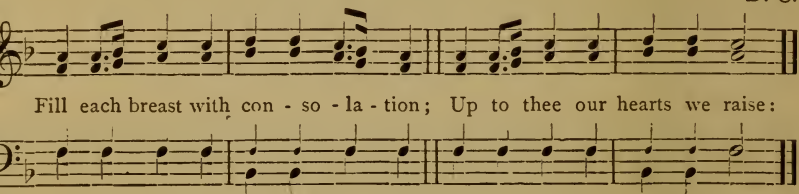
Fine.



I Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless-ing; Bid us now de - part in peace;
D.C. When we reach our bliss - ful sta-tion, Then we'll give thee no-ble praise.



Still on heaven - ly man - na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.



D. C.

Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion; Up to thee our hearts we raise:

341.

Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you.
Full of pity love and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

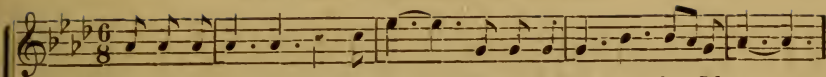
Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finished!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

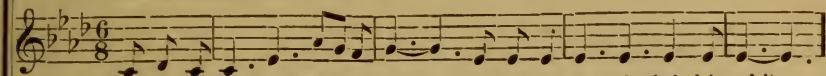
5 Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

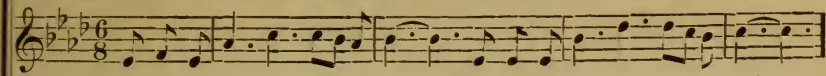
BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s.



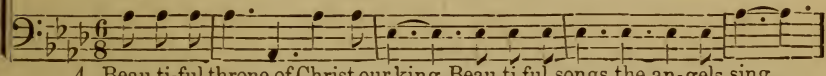
1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y, that I love.



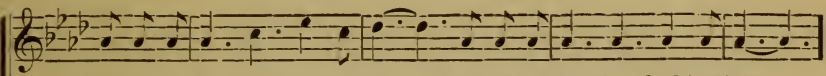
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels clothed in white,



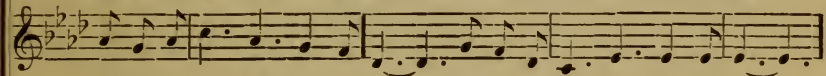
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev'-ry brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conquer-ors show,



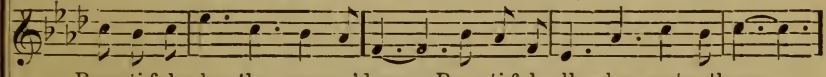
4. Beau-ti-ful throne of Christ our king, Beau-ti-ful songs the an-gels sing,



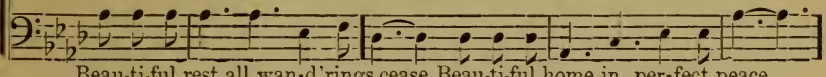
Beau-ti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple God its light,



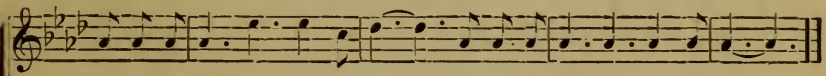
Beau-ti-ful strains that never tire, Beau-ti-ful harps through all the choir,



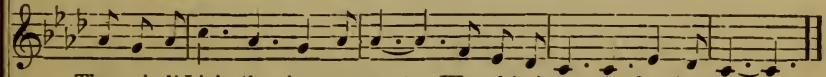
Beau-ti-ful robes the ran-som'd wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en-ter there,



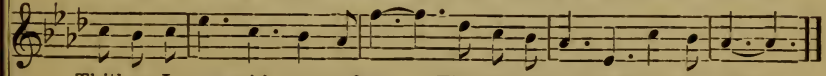
Beau-ti-ful rest all wan-d'rings cease, Beau-ti-ful home in per-fect peace,



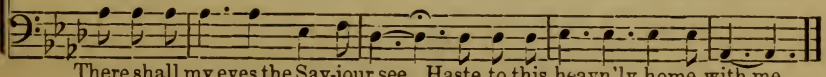
He who was slain on cal - va - ry, O-pens those pear-ly gates to me.



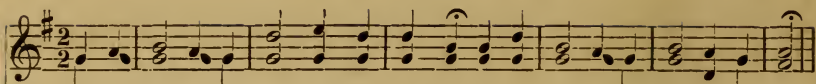
There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Wor-ship-ing at the Sav-iour's feet.



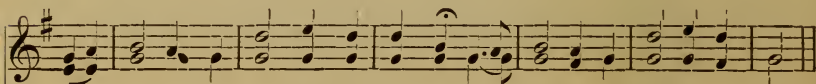
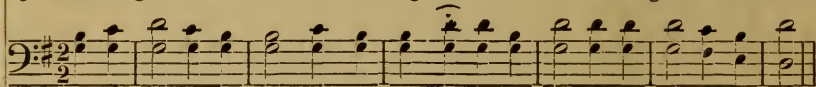
Thith-er I press with eag-er feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.



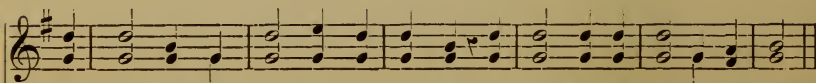
There shall my eyes the Sav-iour see, Haste to this heavn'ly home with me.



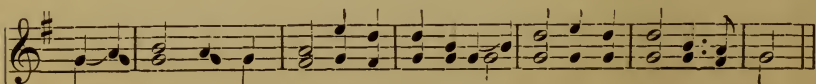
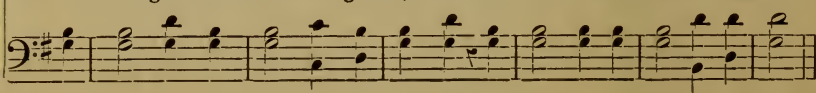
- 1 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them When the sorrow of life shall be o'er,
 2 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, Tho' now they are hid from our sight,
 3 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, Where nothing can ever divide



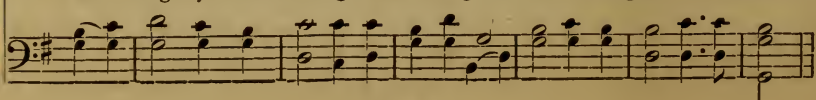
Our loved ones, we hope soon to meet them, On Eden's fair ; beautiful shore ;
 We think of the time we shall meet them ; And it oft fills our hearts with delight ;
 Where sickness, or death, can not harm them, Nor tear them again from our side ;



The glo - ri - ous thought how con - sol - ing, To know that the time is so nigh,
 We have laid them away in deep sadness, Yet not without hope in our breast,
 There we'll range beside life's cooling river, 'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,



When Je - sus, the world, shall, controlling, Permit us to join them on high.
 For again they will join us with gladness And enter the hea - v'n - ly rest.
 With the glory of God shining ever, We'll greet them, we'll greet them at home.

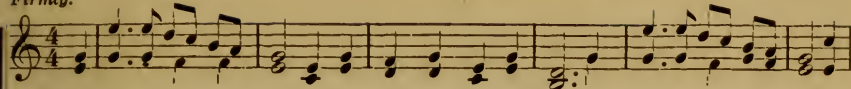


THE STAR OF HOPE.

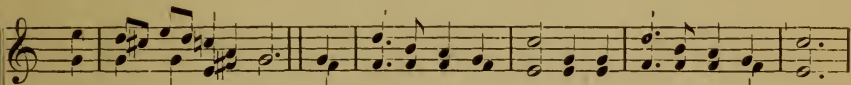
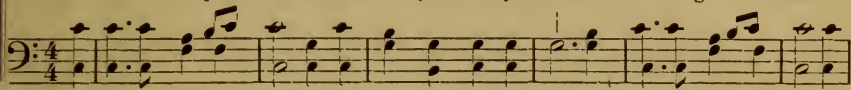
M. E. SERVOS.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

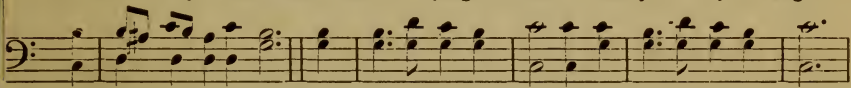
Firmly.



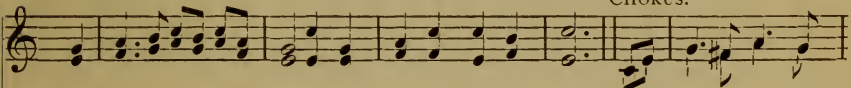
The star of hope has ris - en For millions doomed to die, And from the gray hor-i-zon,
O slaves of drink, He calleth, And bids you seek his grace, That as a Friend and Brother
The star of hope has risen, Let every heart rejoice! And in one glad hosanna



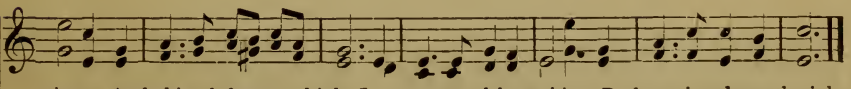
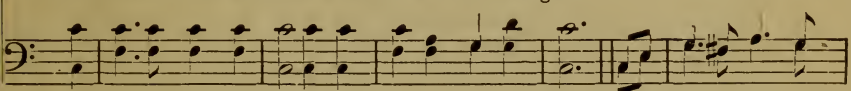
A - scends the vaulted sky: O hearts grown weary watching, For rescue from the grave,
You may behold his face; Your shackles shall be broken, And, by God's powerful hand,
Be lifted every voice. And tell the dying millions, That Jesus, by his might,



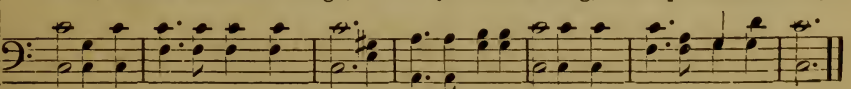
CHORUS.



Look up! sal-va-tion cometh, The Lord, the Lord can save. The star of hope has
The enemy be vanquished And driven from our land.
Can save the vilest drunkard That Bacchus doth benight.



ris-en, And shineth from on high, Let every soul be waiting, Redemption draweth nigh.

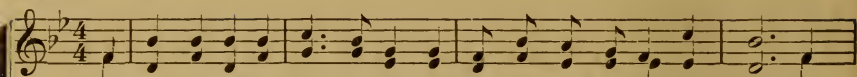


SWELL THE BATTLE CRY.

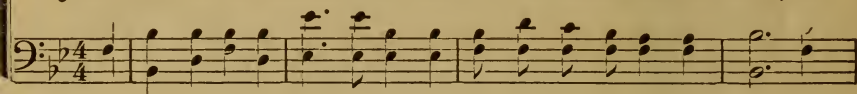
M. E. SERVOS.

GEO. C. HUGG.

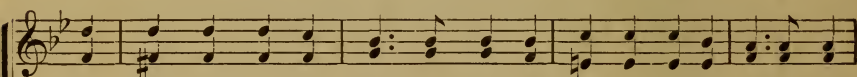
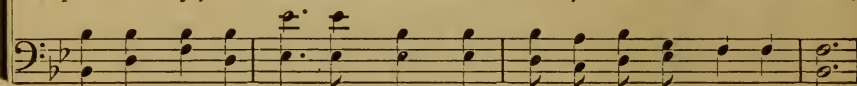
Spirited.



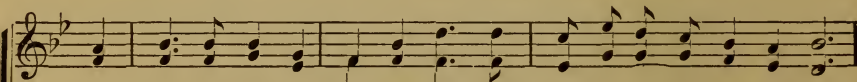
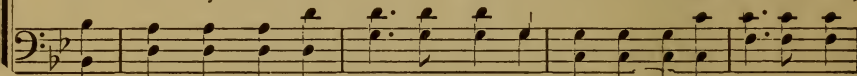
1. The Chris-tian ar-my stands ar-rayed For du - ty on the bat - tle field, Firm,
2. For want and ru-in through our land The en - e-my hath scat-tered wide, And
3. We'll scale the bat-tle-ments of sin And force the mon-ster from his throne, And



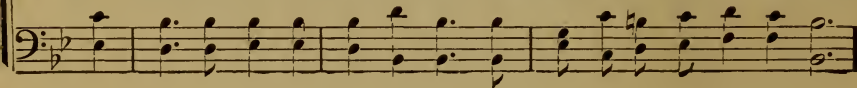
brave, and ev - er un - dis - mayed, Gone forth to con-quer, not to yield;
crime and death go hand in hand, To seek the homes they may di - vide;
peace and joy shall en - ter in Where on - ly sor - row hath been known,



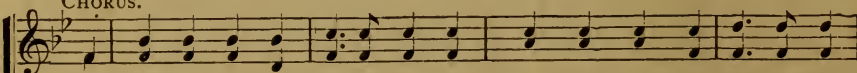
And Christ, their Cap-tain, leads them on The en - e - my to o-ver-throw,
While young and old on ab - ject knee, Bow down be-fore this king of woe;
And wea - ry hearts shall find a rest And sad-faced chil-dren learn to smile,



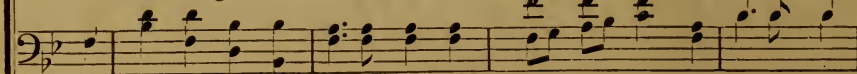
Through him the bat - tle shall be won, And right shall rule in - stead of woe.
But God who gives the vic - to - ry Will bring the cru - el ty - rant low.
Their homes with in - no - cence be blest, Where now dwells Al-co - hol the vile.

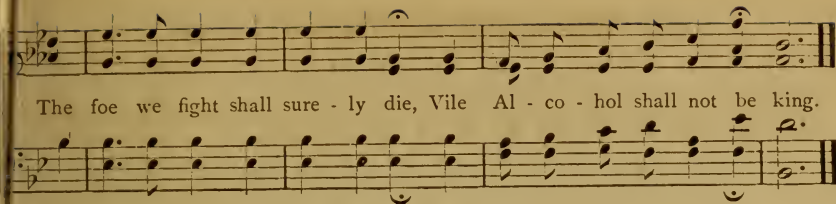


CHORUS.



Then swell the glo - rious bat - tle - cry Till heaven's blue vaults with ech - oes ring,





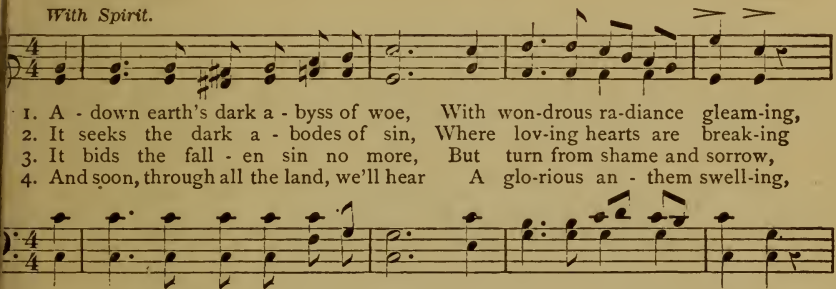
The foe we fight shall sure - ly die, Vile Al - co - hol shall not be king.

TEMPERANCE LIGHT.

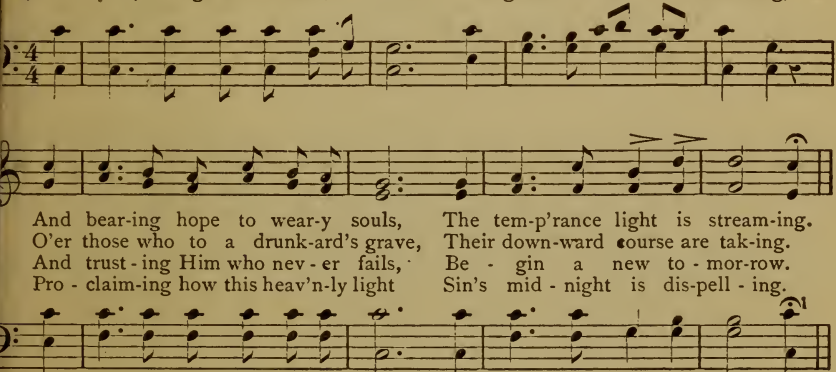
M. E. SERVOS.

GEO. C. HUGG.

With Spirit.

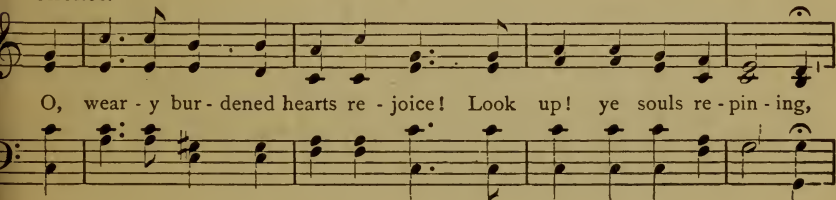


1. A - down earth's dark a - byss of woe, With won-drous ra-diance gleam-ing,
2. It seeks the dark a - bodes of sin, Where lov-ing hearts are break-ing
3. It bids the fall - en sin no more, But turn from shame and sorrow,
4. And soon, through all the land, we'll hear A glo-rious an - them swell-ing,

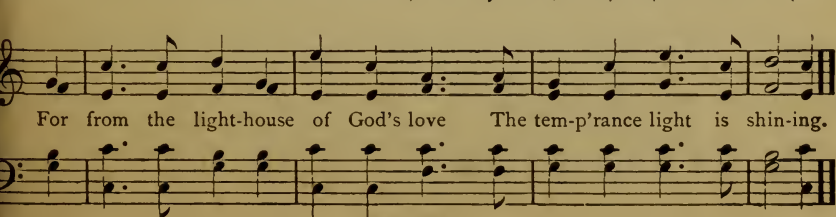


And bear-ing hope to wear-y souls, The tem-p'rance light is stream-ing.
O'er those who to a drunk-ard's grave, Their down-ward course are tak-ing.
And trust-ing Him who nev-er fails, Be - gin a new to - mor-row.
Pro - claim-ing how this heav'n-ly light Sin's mid - night is dis-pell - ing.

CHORUS.



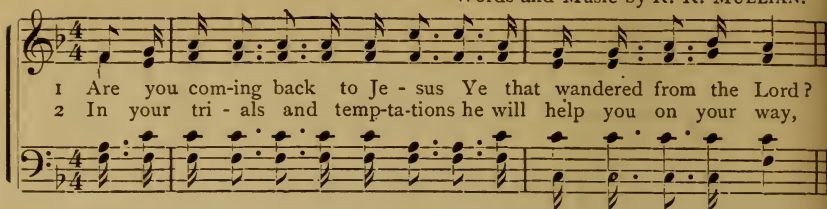
O, wear - y bur - dened hearts re - joice! Look up! ye souls re - pin - ing,



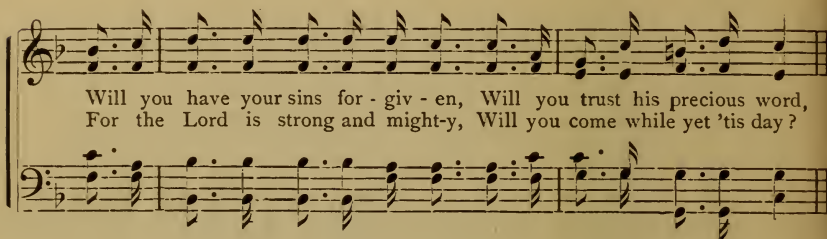
For from the light-house of God's love The tem-p'rance light is shin-ing.

ARE YOU COMING BACK TO JESUS?

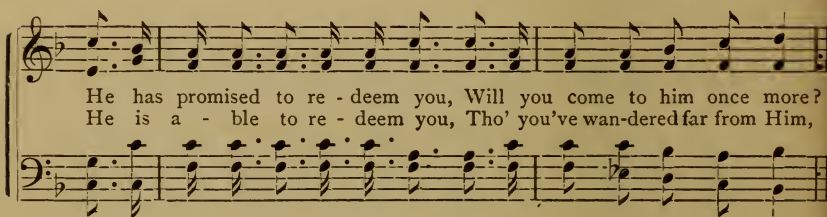
Words and Music by R. R. MULLIAN.



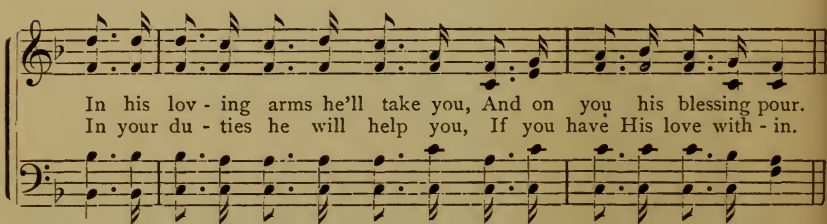
1 Are you com-ing back to Je - sus Ye that wandered from the Lord?
2 In your tri - als and temp-ta-tions he will help you on your way,



Will you have your sins for - giv - en, Will you trust his pre-cious word,
For the Lord is strong and might-y, Will you come while yet 'tis day?

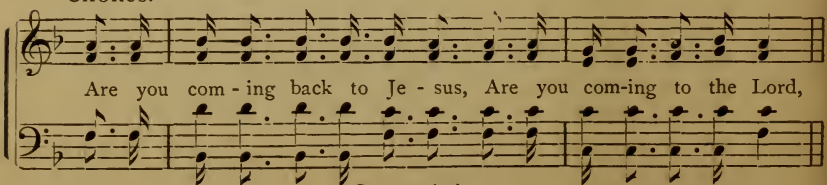


He has promised to re - deem you, Will you come to him once more?
He is a - ble to re - deem you, Tho' you've wan-dered far from Him,



In his lov - ing arms he'll take you, And on you his blessing pour.
In your du - ties he will help you, If you have His love with - in.

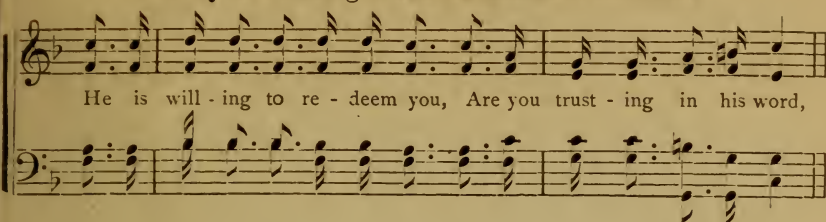
CHORUS.



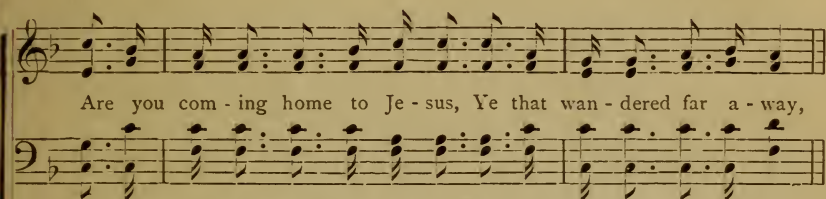
Are you com - ing back to Je - sus, Are you com-ing to the Lord,

By permission.

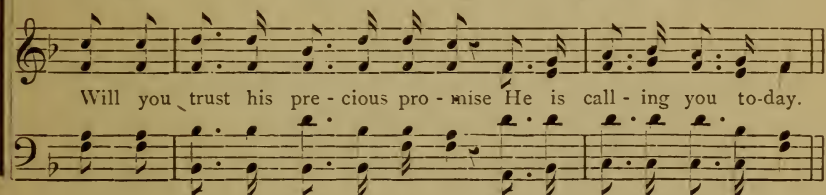
Are you Coming Back to Jesus.--Concluded.



He is will - ing to re - deem you, Are you trust - ing in his word,



Are you com - ing home to Je - sus, Ye that wan - dered far a - way,



Will you trust his pre - cious pro - mise He is call - ing you to-day.

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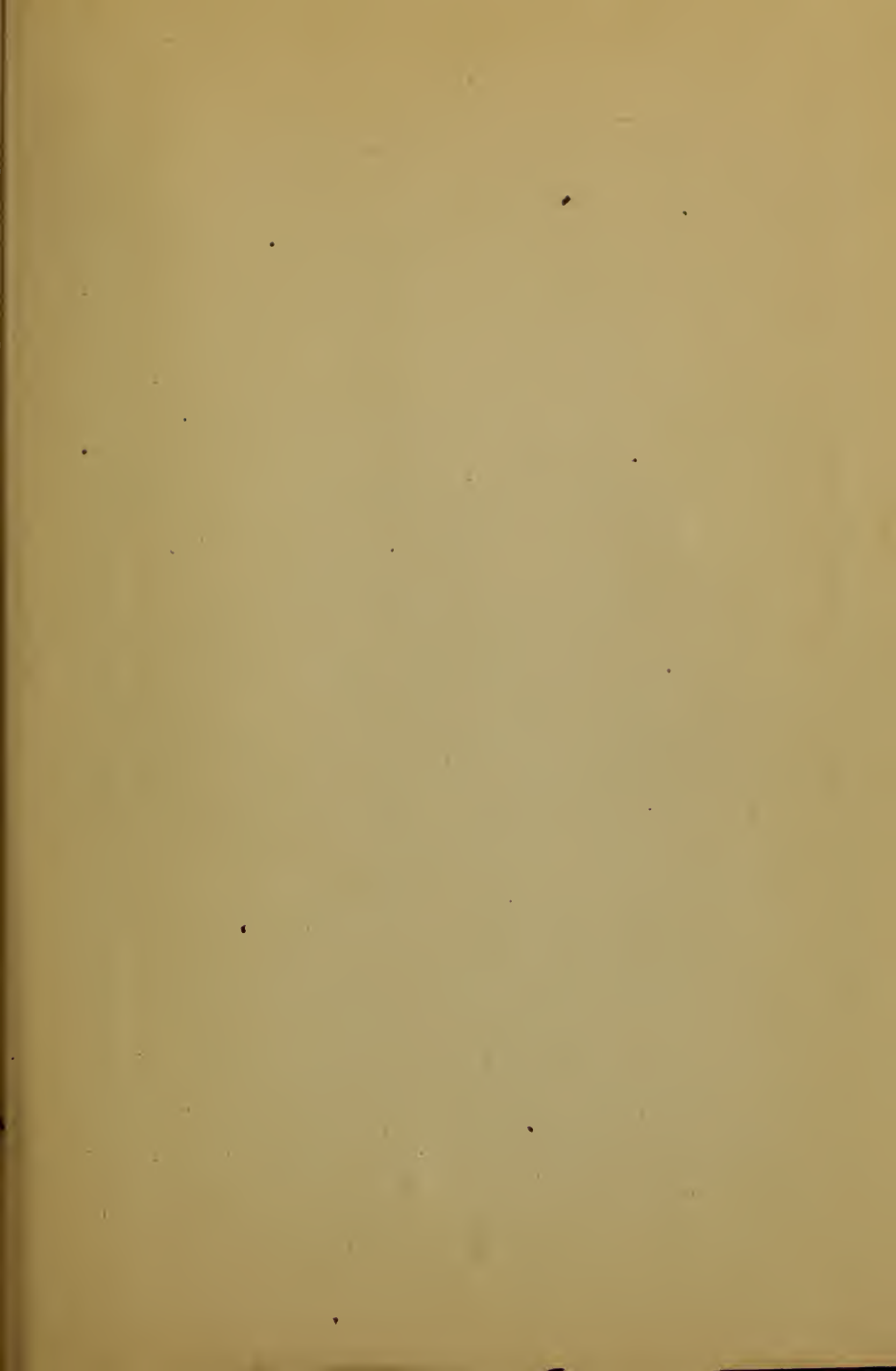
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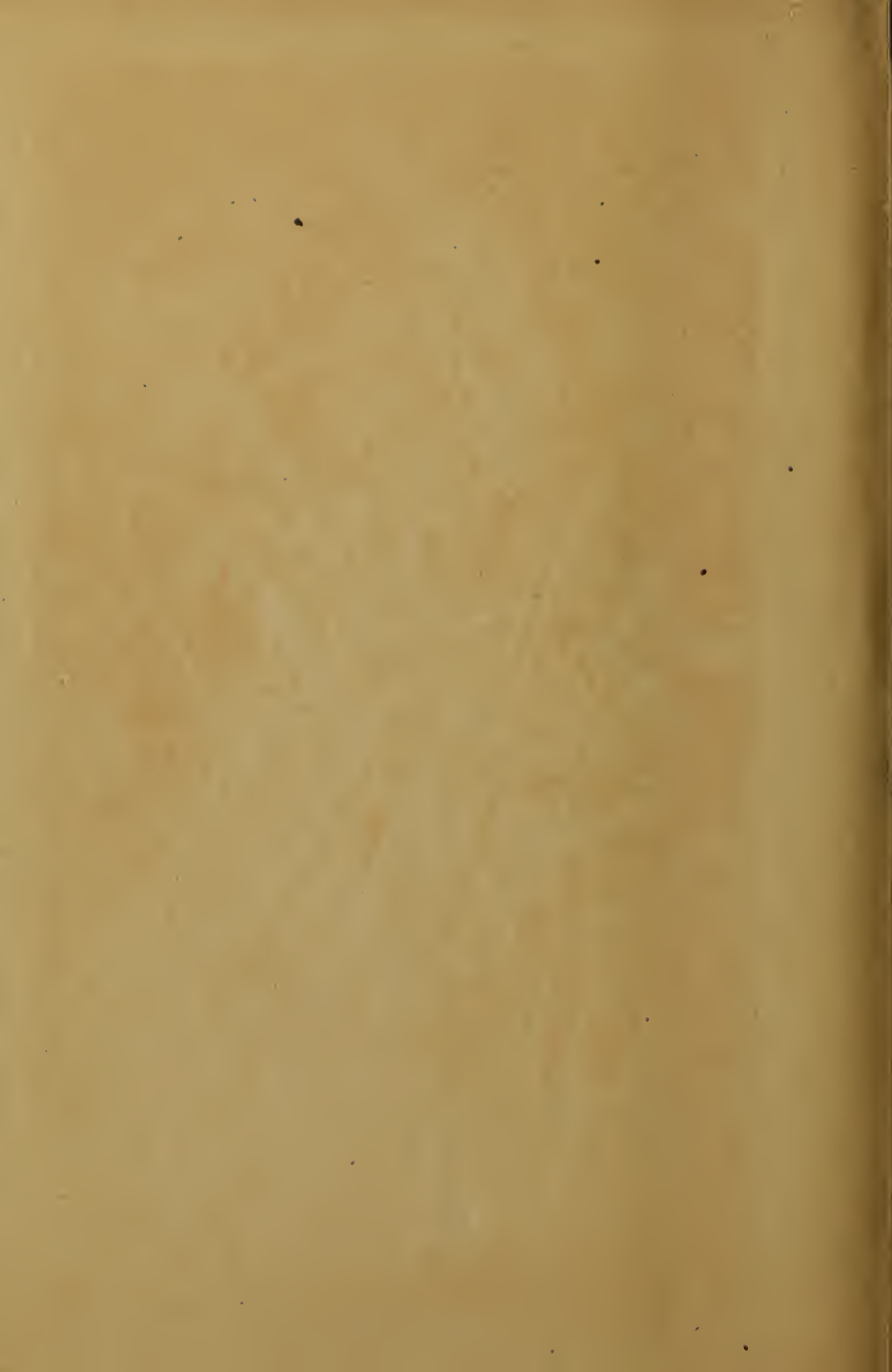
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